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J. B. Roberts
THE
WORKS
Of the REVEREND
Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT,
DEAN of *St. Patrick's*, DUBLIN.
CONTAINING,
LETTERS
TO AND FROM
SEVERAL EMINENT PERSONS,
FROM

The YEAR 1703, to 1743.

WITH

Notes Explanatory and Historical,

BY

The Rev. THOMAS BIRCH, D.D.F.R.S.
JOHN HAWKESWORTH, L.L.D. and others.

WITH AN
APPENDIX,
Containing many original Pieces.

VOLUME XVI.



DUBLIN:
Printed by GEORGE FAULKNER.
M DCC LXXII.

THE
WORKS
OF THE REVEREND
DR. JONATHAN SWIFT,

LETTERS
TO AND FROM
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THE YEAR 1710 TO 1713
WITH
Notes Explaining and Illustrating

THE NEW THIRTEEN BOOKS, D.D.
JOHN HAYWARD OF B.L.P. & C.



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- &c.—His concern for Hawley—Dislikes the Chair of Prolocutor, but would keep a wrong man out—Of his disinterestedness, though an old Courtier—Of Baron Scroup and Mr. Fetherstone's affair—Of the Duke of Ormond, and of his intentions of service to Mrs. South—On the Landrent of the Deanry, Mr. Parvisol, &c.
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VI. Being a very extraordinary, and curious one.

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VII. *The following observation upon HEYLYN's History of the Presbyterians, is thus written by Dr. Swift, in the beginning of the Book, on one of the blank Leaves.*

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LETTERS

FROM AND TO.

DOCTOR SWIFT.

LETTER- CCCX.

Mr. GAY and the Dukes of ———
to Dr. SWIFT.

Amesbury, August the 28th, 1732.

DEAR SIR,

MR. Hoare hath a hundred and odd pounds of your's in his hands, which you may have whenever you will please to draw upon me for it. I know I am more indebted to you, I mean, besides the *South-Sea* bond of a hundred, that still subsists;

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but

but I cannot tell you exactly how your account stands 'till I go to town. I have money of my own too in Mr. *Hoare's* hands, which I know not at present how to dispose of. I believe I shall leave it without interest 'till I go to town, and shall then be at the same loss how to dispose of it as now. I have an intention to get more money next winter; but am prepared for disappointments, which I think it is very likely I shall meet with; yet as you think it convenient and necessary that I should have more than I have, you see I do what I can to oblige you. If my designs should not take effect, I desire you will be as easy under it as I shall be; for I find you so solicitous about me, that you cannot bear my disappointments as well as I can. If I don't write intelligibly to you, it is because I would not have the clerks of the post-office know every thing I am doing. If you would come here this summer, you might, with me, have helped to have drank up the duke's wine, and saved your money. I am grown so saving of late, that I very often reproach myself with being covetous; and I am very often afraid that I shall have the trouble of having money, and never have the pleasure of making use of it. I wish you could live among us; but not unless it could be to your ease and satisfaction. You insist upon your being minister of *Amesbury, Daw-*
ley,

ley, *Twickenham*, *Risking*, and a prebendary of *Westminster*. For your being minister in those places, I cannot promise you; but I know you might have a good living in every one of them. Gambadoes I have rid in, and I think them a very fine and useful invention; but I have not made use of them since I left *Devonshire*. I ride and walk every day to such excess, that I am afraid I shall take a surfeit of it. I am sure, if I am not better in health after it, it is not worth the pains. I say this, though I have this season shot nineteen brace of partridges. I have very little acquaintance with our vicar; he doth not live among us, but resides in another parish. And I have not played at backgammon with any body since I came to *Amesbury*, but lady *Harold* and lady *Bateman*. As Dr. *Delany* hath taken away a fortune from us*, I expect to be recommended in *Ireland*. If authors of godly books are intitled to such fortunes, I desire you would recommend me as a moral one; I mean, in *Ireland*, for that recommendation would not do in *England*.

The D U C H E S S begins.

The duchess will not lend you two or three thousand pounds to keep up your dig-

* The doctor married Mrs. *Pendarves*, a lady of the finest accomplishments, and most universal genius.

nity, for reasons to *Strada dal Poe*; but she had much rather give you that, or ten thousand pounds more, than lay it out in a fine petticoat, to make herself respected.

I believe, for all you give Mr. *Gay* much good advice, that you are a very indiscreet person yourself, or else you would come here to take care of your own affairs, and not be so indiscreet as to send for your money over to a place where there is none. Mr. *Gay* is a very rich man; for I really think he does not wish to be richer; but he will, for he is doing what you bid him; though, if it may not be allowed, he will acquire greater honour, and less trouble. His covetousness, at present, is for health, which he takes so much pains for, that he does not allow himself time to enjoy it. Neither does he allow himself time to be either absent or present. When he began to be a sportsman, he had like to have killed a dog; and now every day I expect he will kill himself, and then the bread and butter affair can never be brought before you. It is really an affair of too great consequence to be trusted in a letter; therefore pray come on purpose to decide it. If you do, you will not hear how familiar I am with goody *Dobson*; for I have seen goody *Dobson* play at that with so ill a grace, that I was determined never to risque any thing so unbecoming. I am not beloved, neither do I
love

love any creature, except a very few, and those for not having any sort of merit, but only because it is my humour. In this rank Mr. *Gay* stands first, and yourself next, if you like to be respected upon these conditions. Now do you know me? He stands over me, and scolds me for spelling ill; and is very peevish (and sleepy) that I do not give him up the pen; for he has yawn'd for it a thousand times. We both once heard a lady (who at that time we both thought well of) wish that she had the best living in *England* to give you. It was not I; but I do wish it with all my heart, if Mr. *Gay* does not hang out false lights for his friend.

Mr. G A Y goes on here.

I had forgot to tell you, that I very lately received a letter from *Twickenbam*, in which was this paragraph: “ *Motte*, and another
 “ idle fellow, I find, have been writing to
 “ the Dean, to get him to give them some
 “ copy-right, which surely he will be not
 “ so indiscreet as to do, when he knows my
 “ design, and has done these two months
 “ and more. Surely I should be a properer
 “ person to trust the distribution of his works
 “ with, than so common a bookseller. Here
 “ will be nothing but the ludicrous and little
 “ things; none of the political, or any things

“ of consequence. which are wholly at his
 “ own disposal. But, at any rate, it would
 “ be silly in him to give a copy-right to any,
 “ which can only put the manner of pub-
 “ lishing them hereafter out of his own and
 “ his friend’s power into that of mercena-
 “ ries.”

I really think this is a very useful precau-
 tion, considering how you have been treated
 by these sort of fellows.

The duke is fast asleep, or he would add
 a line.

L E T T E R CCCXI.

Sir WILLIAM FOWNES to Dr. SWIFT.

Island-bridge, 9th September, 1732.

DEAR SIR,

IT has been the observation of travellers
 (as I have been frequently told) that, in
 all the countries they have seen, they never
 met with fewer public charitable founda-
 tions than in this kingdom.

Private charities, no doubt, will have their
 reward; but public are great incitements:
 and good examples often draw others on,
 though grudgingly; and so a good work be
 done, no matter who are the workmen.

When

When I was lord mayor, I saw some miserable lunatics exposed, to the hazard of others, as well as themselves. I had six strong cells made at the work-house for the most outrageous, which were soon filled; and by degrees, in a short time, those few drew upon us the solicitations of many, till by the time the old corporation ceased, we had, in that house, forty and upwards. The door being opened, interest soon made way to let in the foolish, and such like, as mad folks. These grew a needless charge upon us, and had that course gone on, by this time the house had been filled with such. The new corporation got rid of most of these by death, or the care of friends, and came to a resolution not to admit any such for the future: and the first denial was to a request of the earl of *Kildare*, which put a full stop to all farther applications. As I take it there are, at this time, a number of objects which require assistance; and probably many be restored, if proper care could be taken of them. There is no public place for their reception, nor private undertakers, as about *London*. Friends and relations here would pay the charge of their support and attendance, if there were a place for securing such lunatics.

I own to you, I was some time averse to our having a public *Bedlam*, apprehending

we should be overloaded with numbers under the name of mad. Nay, I was apprehensive our case would soon be like that in *England*; wives and husbands trying who could first get the other to *Bedlam*. Many, who were next heirs to estates, would try their skill to render the possessor disordered, and get them confined, and soon run them into real madness. Such like consequences I dreaded, and therefore have been silent on the subject till of late. Now I am convinced that regard should be had to those under such dismal circumstances; and I have heard the primate and others express their concern for them; and no doubt but very sufficient subscriptions may be had to set this needful work on foot. I should think it would be a pleasure to any one, that has any intention this way, to see something done in their life-time, rather than leave it to the conduct of posterity. I would not consent to the proceeding on such a work in the manner I have seen our poor-house, and Dr. *Steevens's* hospital, viz. to have so expensive a foundation laid, that the expence of the building should require such a sum, and so long a time to finish, as will take up half an age.

My scheme for such an undertaking should be much to this effect:

First,

First, I would have a spot of ground fixed on, that should be in a good open air, free from the neighbourhood of houses; for the cries and exclamations of the outrageous would reach a great way, and ought not to disturb neighbours: which was what you did not think of, when you mentioned a spot in a close place, almost in the heart of the city. There are many places, in the out-skirts of the city, I can name, very proper.

Next to the fixing of a proper spot, I would, when that is secured, (which should be a good space) have it well enclosed with a high wall, the cost of all which must be known. Then I would have the cells of the *Royal Hospital Infirmary*, lately made for mad people, be examined, how convenient, and how in all points they are adapted to the purpose, with the cost of these cells, which I take to be six or eight pounds. Then I would proceed to the very needful house for the master and the proper servants. Then another building, to which there should be a piazza for a stone gallery, for walking dry: and out of that several lodging cells for such as are not outrageous, but melancholy, &c. This may be enlarged in length, or by a return; and over-head the same sort of a gallery, with little rooms or
cells,

cells, opening the doors into the gallery ; for, by intervals, the objects affected may be permitted to walk at times in the galleries.

This is according to the custom of *London*. Annexed to the master's house must be the kitchen and offices.

This proceeding may be so contrived, as to be enlarged from time to time, as there shall be a fund, and occasion to require the additions. There is no necessity for any plans or architects ; but an ordinary capacity may contrive those enlargements. Perhaps there may appear some well-disposed persons, who will say, they will make this enlargement ; and, by such helps, they may be sufficiently done to answer all purposes.

It comes just now into my head, that there is a very proper * spot, which I think the chapter of *St. Patrick* let to one *Lee*, a bricklayer, or builder. It lies back of *Aungier-street* east, comes out of *York-street*, down a place called the *Dunghill*, runs down to the end of *King-street*, facing *William-street* ; at the north end of which some almshouses are built by *Dowling* and others.

* The ground here mentioned by Sir *William Fownes* does not belong to the dean and chapter of *St. Patrick's*, but to the corporation of *Vicars coral* in that cathedral.

Also there stands to the front of the street, a large stone building, called an *Alms-house*, made by Mrs. *Mercer*; though, by the bye, I hear she is weary of her project, and does little in supplying that house, or endowing it. Perhaps the ground may be easily come at from *Lee's* heirs; and, by your application, I know not but Mrs. *Mercer* may give her house up to promote so good a work. This will go a good way, and being followed by subscriptions, a great and speedy progress may be made, in which I will readily join my interest and labour. If that spot fails, we will pitch upon another. Whatsoever may be your future intentions, don't deny me the consideration of the good your appearance and help may now do. I would not make a step in this affair, if it should not be agreed, that all matters, which require the consent by votes, shall be determined by the method of a balloting-box, that no great folks, or their speeches, should carry what they please, by their method of scoring upon paper, and seeing who marks, &c. too much practised.

If there be nothing in this paper worth your attention, you know how to dispose of it. You have the thoughts of your assured humble servant,

W. FOWNES.

T H E

THE PROPOSAL.

I. That an hospital, called *Bedlan*, be built in the city of *Dublin*, or liberties, for the reception of lunatics from any parts of the kingdom.

II. In order to promote so good a work, let subscriptions be taken in *Dublin*, and in every city and town in the kingdom; and that the chief magistrate of each place be desired to recommend the subscription-paper sent to him for that purpose.

III. That when public notice is given in print, that ground is secured for building the hospital of *Bedlam*, the subscription be collected, and sent to *Dublin*, and paid into the hands of

Query, Mr. *Thorn*, steward to the *Blue-Coat* hospital, a very proper person.

IV. That upon notice given by Mr. *Thorn*, that he has received 200*l.* a meeting shall be held of all subscribers who happen to be in *Dublin*, at a proper time and place.

V. Such persons as subscribe 5*l.* or upwards, to have a vote at such meeting.

VI. That Mr. *Thorn*, giving security, be continued to receive and pay out the money subscribed for one year, and be allowed only six-pence *per* pound, for receiving and paying.

VII.

VII. That the money first laid out shall be for the building six or eight strong cells, for outrageous lunatics to be confined in, and after the form of those made at the infirmary of the *Royal Hospital*.

VIII. That the college of physicians be desired to contribute to this good work, by appointing two or three of their body to be present at the first meeting, and to give their opinion, as to the conveniency of the cells, what boilers are proper to be set up in a kitchen, and what food is proper to be provided for such lunatics.

IX. That near the cells be made a kitchen, small at first, and in such manner, as capable to be enlarged. That over this kitchen be a middle room, and over it a garret, to lodge the cook-maid, and one other maid.

X. That adjoining the kitchen may be made one room, of 18 feet by 18, which may serve for Mr. *Thorn* to attend in, and where the doctors, or any subscribers, may meet on occasion. And over this room another, to serve for a store-room: and a garret to lodge a porter or two, that must attend the lunatics.

XI. That these buildings be made plain and strong with as little cost as can be.

XII. That the charge of these be computed separate, and of the inside necessities; so that

that the work may go on as fast as the subscription-fund can be got in.

XIII. That the subscribers, at the first meeting, do elect seven of their number, such as are knowing in carrying on of the work, and willing to attend at needful times. That any three or more, at any meeting at the hospital, may give directions for proceeding on the buildings agreed upon to be made at the first meeting of the subscribers; at which first meeting a second meeting may be agreed upon, and so from time to time.

The walling-in of the piece of ground intended for this use may go on as the fund will bear, without obstructing the first useful buildings. And whereas there are lunatics of several kinds, as the melancholy, &c. and some that are unruly by fits, a building must be designed for this sort; the floors not lofty, but made sufficiently airy, twenty feet wide, whereof ten for a gallery, and ten for lodges; each lodge eight or ten feet broad.

Dear Sir,

Herewith you have my thoughts of the affair you mentioned to me. I wish I could prevail on you to patronize it, and lay down your own scheme. I am most confident it
cannot

cannot fail going on briskly. You have friends and interest enough to set it a going, although there may be some grandees would rather other hands had the conduct of it; yet the work speaks so much for itself, they must be ashamed not to contribute, much more to obstruct it.

In the paper called *The Proposal*, I have considered the privatest and least expensive way of going to work, avoided public forms, and grandees interposing. *Tom Thorn* by chance I thought upon for that reason, and for preventing jobs, &c. Do what you please with my papers. I am just ditto.

LETTER CCCXII.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

London, November the 7th, 1732.

I SHOULD have answered yours sooner, but that I every day expected another from you, with your orders to speak to the duke; which I should with great pleasure have obeyed, as it was to serve a friend of your's. Mrs. *Floyd* is now, thank God, in as good health as I have seen her these many years, though she has still her winter cough hanging upon her; but that, I fear, I must never expect she should be quite free from
at

at this time of day. All my trouble with her now is, to make her drink wine enough, according to the doctor's order, which is not above three or four glasses, such as are commonly filled at sober houses; and that she makes so great a rout with, so many faces, that there is nobody that did not know her perfectly well, but would extremely suspect she drinks drams in private.

I am sorry to find our tastes so different in the same person; and as every body has a natural partiality to their own opinion, so it is surprising to me to find lady S—— dwindle in your's, who rises infinitely in mine, the more and the longer I know her. But you say, you will say no more of courts for fear of growing angry; and indeed, I think you are so already, since you level all without knowing them, and seem to think, that none who belongs to a court can act right. I am sure this cannot be really and truly your sense, because it is unjust: and if it is, I shall suspect there is something of your old maxim in it, (which I ever admired and found true) that you must have offended them, because you don't forgive. I have been about a fortnight from * *Knowle*, and shall next *Thursday* go there again for about three weeks, where I shall be ready and willing to receive your commands, who am most faithfully and sincerely your's.

* In *Kent*, the seat of the duke of *Dorset*.

LETTER CCCXIII.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

Dear Sir,

Nov. 16th, 1732.

I AM at last come to *London* before the family, to follow my own inventions. In a week or fortnight I expect the family will follow me. You may now draw upon me for your money, as soon as you please. I have some of my own too that lies dead; and I protest I do not know which way at present to dispose of it, every thing is so precarious. I paid Mr. *Lancelot* 12*l.* and pay myself the five guineas you had of me, and have deducted your loss, by paying off one of the *South-Sea* bonds: and I find I have remaining of your's 211*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* And I believe over and above that sum, there will be more owing to you upon account of interest on the bonds, about four or five pounds. Mr. *Hoare* hath done this for me, but I have not had time to call upon him yet, so that I cannot be more particular. As the money now lies in Mr. *Hoare's* hands, you see it is ready on demand. I believe you had best give notice when you draw on me for it, that I may not be out of the way. I have not as yet seen Mr. *Pope*, but design in a day or two to go to him, though I am in hopes of seeing him here to-day or to-morrow. If my

present project succeeds, you may expect a better account of my own fortune a little while after the holidays ; but I promise myself nothing, for I am determined, that neither any body else, nr myself, shall disappoint me. I wish the arguments made use of to draw you here, were every way of more consequence. I would not have you change one comfort of life for another. I wish you to keep every one of those you have already, with as many additional ones as you like. When I sit down to consider on the choice of any subject, to amuse myself by writing, I find I have a natural propensity to write against vice, so that I don't expect much encouragement; though I really think in justice, I ought to be paid for stifling my own inclination; but the great are ungrateful. Mr. *Pulteney's* young son hath had the small-pox, and is perfectly recovered. He is not in town, but is expected in about a week from the *Bath*. I must answer the letter you write to the duchess and me, when her grace comes to town; for I know she intended to have a part in it. Why can't you come among us in the beginning of the new year? The company will be then all in town, and the spring advancing upon us every day. What I mean by the company is, those who call themselves your friends, and I believe are so. It is certain the parliament will not meet
'till

'till the middle of *January*. I have not been idle while I was in the country; and I know your wishes in general, and in particular, that industry may always find it's account. Believe me, as I am, unchangeable in the regard, love, and esteem I have for you.

L E T T E R CCCXIV.

Mr. ROBERT ARBUTHNOTT, Merchant, to Dr. SWIFT.

Dear Sir, *Rouen, January 2d, 1732.*

I HAVE flattered myself these many years, that vapours or company would have brought you over seas to *Spain*, or to some such place, and that you would have taken *Paris* in your way; and so I should have had the pleasure of seeing you in some place of my own. I wonder much, that a person of so much good humour can let yourself grow old, or die without seeing some other country than your own. I am not quite so wicked as to wish you any real illness to bring you to us, though I should not be sorry that you thought you had need of the change of air. I wish you a happy new year, and many more; and (whatever interest I have against it) good health, and prosperity,

and every thing that I can wish to one that I much honour and esteem.

I recommend to your friendship and acquaintance the bearer, Mr. *Delamere*. His brother, now dead, has been with you in *Ireland*; and this gentleman deserves from me all the kindness my friends can shew him. Adieu, dear Sir. If I can serve you in any thing, command me always, for I am, with great esteem, your most humble and most obedient servant,

ROB. ARBUTHNOTT.

L E T T E R CCCXV.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Jan. 13th, 1732.

My dear Friend,

I H A D the pleasure of receiving one from you by Mr. ———*. I thank you for the opportunity it gave me of being acquainted with a very agreeable ingenious man. I value him very much for his music, which you give yourself an air of contemning; and I think I treated him in that way to a degree of surprize.

* 'Probably the reverend Mr. *Pilkington*, who came over to be chaplain to alderman *Barber*, when lord mayor of *London*.'

I have

I have had but a melancholy sorrowful life for some time past, having lost my dear child, whose life, if it had so pleased God, I would willingly have redeemed with my own. I thank God for a new lesson of submission to his will, and likewise for what he hath left me.

We have all had another loss of our worthy and dear friend Mr. *Gay**. It was some alleviation of my grief to see him so universally lamented by almost every body, even by those who knew him only by reputation. He was interred at *Westminster-abbey*, as if he had been a peer of the realm: and the good duke of *Queensberry*, who lamented him as a brother, will set up a handsome monument upon him. These are little affronts put upon vice and injustice, and is all that remains in our power. I believe the *Beggar's Opera*, and what he had to come upon the stage, will make the sum of the diversions of the town for some time to come. *Curll* (who is one of the new terrors of death) has been writing letters to every body for memoirs of his life. I was for sending him some, particularly, an account of his disgrace at court, which, I am sure, might have been made entertaining: by which I should have attained two ends at once, published truth,

* He died *December* the 4th, 1732.

and got a rascal whipped for it. I was overruled in this. I wish you had been here, though I think you are in a better country. I fancy to myself, that you have some virtue and honour left, some small regard for religion. Perhaps Christianity may last with you at least twenty or thirty years longer. You have no companies or stock-jobbing, yet free of excises; you are not insulted in your poverty, and told with a sneer, that you are a rich and a thriving nation. Every man that takes neither place nor pension, is not deemed with you a rogue, and an enemy to his country.

Your friends of my acquaintance are in tolerable good health. Mr. *Pope* has his usual complaints of head-ach and indigestion, I think, more than formerly. He really leads sometimes a very irregular life, that is, lives with people of superior health, and strength. You will see some new things of his, equal to any of his former productions. He has affixed to the new edition of his *Dunciad*, a royal declaration against the haberdashers of points and particles, assuming the title of critics and restorers, wherein he declares, that he has revised carefully this his *Dunciad*, beginning and ending so and so, consisting of so many lines, and declares
this

this edition to be the true reading; and it is signed by *John Barber, major civitatis Londini.*

I remember you, with your friends, who are my neighbours: they all long to see you. As for news, there is nothing here talked of but the new scheme of excise. You may remember, that a ministry in the queen's time, possessed of her majesty, the parliament, army, fleet, treasury, confederate, &c. put all to the test, by an experiment of a silly project of the trial of a poor parson*. The same game, in my mind, is playing over again, from a wantonness of power. *Miraberis quam pauca sapientia mundus regitur.* I have considered the grievance of your wine: the friend that designed you good wine, was abused by an agent that he intrusted this affair to. It was not this gentleman's brother, whose name is *Delamere*, to whom shew what friendship you can.

My neighbour the profseman is wiser, and more cowardly and despairing than ever. He talks me into a fit of vapours twice or thrice a week. I dream at night of a chain, and rowing in the gallies. But, thank God, he has not taken from me the freedom I have been accustomed to in my discourse (even with the greatest persons to whom I have

* *Sacheverel.*

access) in defending the cause of liberty, virtue and religion: for the last, I have the satisfaction of suffering some share of the ignominy that belonged to the first confessors. This has been my lot, from a steady resolution I have taken of giving these ignorant impudent fellows battle upon all occasions. My family send you their best wishes, and a happy new year; and none can do it more heartily than myself, who am, with the most sincere respect, your most faithful humble servant.

L E T T E R CCCXVI.

Lady B — G — to Dr. SWIFT.

February the 8th, 1732.

I Received your's of the 8th of *January* but last week, so find it has lain long on the road after the date. It was brought me whilst at dinner, that very lady sitting close to me, whom you seem to think such an absolute courtier*. She knew your hand, and enquired much after you, as she always does; but I, finding her name frequently mentioned, not with that kindness I am sure she deserves, put it into my pocket with silence

* The countess of S——.

and

and surprize. Indeed, were it in people's power that live in a court with the appearance of favour, to do all they desire for their friends, they might deserve their anger, and be blamed, when it does not happen right to their minds; but that, I believe, never was the case of any one: and in this particular of Mr. *Gay*, thus far I know, and so far I will answer for, that she was under very great concern, that nothing better could be got for him: the friendship upon all other occasions in her own power, that she shewed him, did not look like a double-dealer.

As to that part concerning yourself and her, I suppose, it is my want of comprehension, that I cannot find out why she was to blame to give you advice, when you asked it, that had all the appearance of sincerity, goodness, and right judgment. And if after that, the court did not do what you wanted, and she both believed and wished they would, was it her fault? At least I cannot find out, that you have hitherto proved it upon her. And though you say, you lamented the hour you had seen her, yet I cannot tell how to suppose that your good sense and justice can impute any thing to her; because it did not fall out just as she endeavoured, and hoped it would.

As to your creed in politics, I will heartily and sincerely subscribe to it.—That I detest
avarice

avarice in courts; corruption in ministers; schisms in religion; illiterate fawning betrayers of the church in mitres. But at the same time, I prodigiously want an infallible judge to determine when it is really so: for as I have lived longer in the world, and seen many changes, I know those out of power and place always see the faults of those in, with dreadful large spectacles; and, I dare say, you know many instances of it in lord *Oxford's* time. But the strongest in my memory is, Sir *R—— W——*, being first pulled to pieces in the year 1720, because the *South-Sea* did not rise high enough; and since that, he has been to the full as well banged about, because it did rise too high. So experience has taught me, how wrong, unjust, and senseless party-factions are; therefore, I am determined never wholly to believe any side or party against the other; and to shew that I will not, as my friends are in and out of all sides, so my house receives them all together; and those people meet here, that have and would fight in any other place. Those of them that have great and good qualities, and virtues, I love and admire; in which number is lady ———; and I do like and love her, because I believe, and as far as I am capable of judging, know her to be a wise, discreet, honest and sincere courtier, who will promise no farther than she

she can perform, and will always perform what she does promise; so, now, you have my creed as to her*.

I thought I had told you in my last, at least I am sure I designed it, that I desire you would do just as you like about the monument; and then, it will be most undoubtedly approved by your most sincere and faithful servant.

LETTER CCCXVII.

The Duchess of ——— to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

February the 21st, 1732.

SOON after the death of our friend Mr. Gay, I found myself more inclined to write to you, than to allow myself any other entertainment. But considering that might draw you into a correspondence, that most likely might be disagreeable, I left off all thoughts of this kind, 'till Mr. Pope shewed me your letter to him, which encourages me to hope we may converse together as usual: by which advantage, I will not

* This spirited defence of lady ———, against a man of *Swift's* ability and disposition, does lady B. G. more honour than she would have deserved by writing the best satire against all the courts and courtiers in the world.

despair

despair to obtain in reality some of those good qualities, you say, I seem to have. I am conscious of only one, that is, being an apt scholar; and if I have any good in me, I certainly learned it insensibly of our poor friend, as children do any strange language. It is not possible to imagine the loss his death is to me; but as long as I have any memory, the happiness of ever having had such a friend can never be lost to me.

As to himself, he knew the world too well to regret leaving it; and the world in general knew him too little to value him as they ought. I think it my duty to my friend, to do him the justice, to assure you, he had a most perfect and sincere regard for you. I have learned a good deal of his way of thinking on your account; so that, if at any time you have any commands in this part of the world, you will do me a pleasure to employ me, as you would him: and, I shall wish it could ever be in my power to serve you in any thing essential. The duke of ———— meant to write, if I had not, concerning your money-affairs. We both thought of it as soon as we could of any thing; and, if you will only write word what you would have done with it, great care shall be taken, according to your order. I differ with you extremely, that you are in any likelihood of dying poor or friendless: the world can never

ver grow so worthless. I again differ with you, that it is possible to comfort one's self for the loss of friends, as one does upon the loss of money. I think, I could live on very little, nor think myself poor, or be thought so, but a little friendship could never satisfy one; and I could never expect to find such another support as my poor friend. In almost every thing, but friends, another of the same name may do as well; but friend is more than a name, if it be any thing.

Your letter touched me extremely; it gave me a melancholy pleasure. I feel much more than you wrote, and more than, I hope, you will continue to feel. As you can give Mr. *Pope* good advice, pray practise it yourself. As you cannot lengthen your friend's days, I must beg you, in your own words, not to shorten your own: for I do full well know by experience, that health and happiness depend on good spirits. Mr. *Pope* is better in both this year, than I have seen him a good while. This you'll believe, unless he has told you what he tells me, that I am his greatest flatterer. I hope that news has not reached you; for nothing is more pleasant than to believe what one wishes. I wish to be your friend: I wish you to be mine; I wish you may not be tired with this; I wish to hear from you soon; and all this in order to be my own flatterer. I will believe.---I
never

never write my name.—I hope you have no aversion to blots.

Since I wrote this, the duke of — bids me tell you, that if you have occasion for the money, you need only draw upon him, and he will pay the money to your order. He will take care to have the account of interest settled, and made up to you. He will take this upon himself, that you may have no trouble in this affair.

L E T T E R CCCXVIII.

Dr. S W I F T to the Duchess of —

MADAM,

March 20, 1732.

I HAD lately the honour of a letter from your grace, which was dated just a month before it came to my hand, and the ten days since, I have been much disordered with a giddiness, that I have been long subject to at uncertain times. This hindered me from an acknowledgment of the great favour you have done me. The greatest unhappiness of my life is grown a comfort under the death of my friend *, I mean, my banishment in this miserable country;

* Mr. Gay.

for the distance I am at, and the despair I have of ever seeing my friends, further than by a summer's visit ; and this, so late in my life, so uncertain in my health, and so embroiled in my little affairs, may probably never happen ; so that my loss is not so great as that of his other friends, who had it always in their power to converse with him. But I chiefly lament your grace's misfortune, because I greatly fear, with all the virtues and perfections which can possibly acquire the highest veneration to a mortal creature from the worthiest of human kind, you will never be able to procure another so useful, so sincere, so virtuous, so disinterested, so entertaining, so easy, and so humble a friend, as that person whose death all good men lament. I turn to your letter, and find your grace hath the same thoughts. Loss of friends hath been called a tax upon long life, and, what is worse, it is then too late to get others, if they were to be had, for the younger ones are all engaged. I shall never differ from you in any thing longer, than 'till you declare your opinion ; because I never knew you wrong in any thing, except your condescending to have any regard for me ; and therefore, all you say upon the subject of friendship, I heartily allow. But I doubt you are a perverter ;
for

for sure I was never capable of comparing the loss of friends with the loss of money. I think we never lament the death of a friend on his own account, but merely on account of his friends, or the public, or both ; and his, for a person in private life, was as great as possible. How finely you preach to us who are going out of the world, to keep our spirits, without informing us where we shall find materials ! Yet I have my flatterers too, who tell me, I am allowed to have retained more spirits than hundreds who are richer, younger, and healthier than myself ; which, considering a thousand mortifications, added to the perfect ill-will of every creature in power, I take to be a high point of merit, as well as an implicit obedience to your grace's commands. Neither are those spirits (such as they be) in the least broken by the honour of lying under the same circumstances with a certain great person, whom I shall not name, of being in disgrace at court. I will excuse your blots upon paper, because they are the only blots that you ever did, or ever will make in the whole course of your life. I am content, upon your petition, to receive the duke and your grace for my stewards for that immense sum ; and, in proper time, I may come to thank you, as a king
does

does the commons, for your loyal benevolence. In the mean time, I humbly intreat your grace, that the money may lie where you please, 'till I presume to trouble you, with a bill as my lord duke allows me.

One thing I find, that you are grown very touchy since I lost the dear friend who was my supporter; so that perhaps you may expect I shall be very careful how I offend you in words, wherein you will be much mistaken; for I shall become ten times worse after correction. It seems Mr. *Pope*, like a treacherous gentleman, shewed you my letter, wherein I mention good qualities that you *seem* to have. You have understroaked that offensive word, to shew it should be printed in *italic*. What could I say more? I never saw your person since you were a girl, except once in the dark (to give you a bull of this country) in a walk next the *Mall*. Your letters may possibly be false copies of your mind; and the universal, almost idolatrous esteem you have forced from every person in two kingdoms, who have the least regard for virtue, may have been only procured by a peculiar art of your own, I mean, that of bribing all wise and good men to be your flatterers. My literal mistakes are worse than your blots. I am subject to them, by a sort of

infirmity wherein I have few fellow-sufferers; I mean, that my heart runs before my pen, which it will ever do in a greater degree, as long as I am a servant to your grace, I mean, to the last hour of my life and senses. I am with the greatest respect and utmost gratitude, madam, your grace's most obedient, most obliged, and most humble servant.

I desire to present my most humble respects and thanks to my lord duke of ——. For a man of my level, I have as bad a name almost as I desire; and I pray God, that those who give it me, may never have reason to give me a better.

LETTER CCCXIX.

Lord C—— to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

March the 24th, 1732.

I HAD the favour of your letter of the 19th of *February*. A gentleman left it at my door. I have not heard from him since, though he said he would call again, and who he is, I don't know. I shewed it to my wife and lady *Worsley*, who will not fail

fail to obey your commands, and tease me, if I could be forgetful of your orders, to attend the cause of the city of *Dublin* when it comes into the house. I know by experience, how much that city thinks itself under your protection, and how strictly they used to obey all orders fulminated from the sovereignty of *St. Patrick's*. I never doubted their compliance with you in so trivial a point as a * recorder. You can give any one law and capacity in half an hour; and if by chance a rake should get those faculties any other way, you can make the worthy citizens believe he has them not; and you can sustain any machine in a furred gown.

I thank you for the letter by Mr. *Pilkington* †. I have seen him twice at a great entertainment at my lord mayor's, where you was the first toast. I like the young man very well, and he has great obligations to you, of which he seems sensible.

* Mr. *Stanard* was about this time chosen recorder of the city of *Dublin*, at the recommendation of Dr. *Swift*.

† Husband of the celebrated Mrs. *Letitia Pilkington*. Alderman *Barber* was this year lord mayor, and having complimented the dean with the nomination of his chaplain, the dean nominated Mr. *Pilkington*.

I hope Dr. *Delany* is well, and that you see one another often, and then the doctor won't have leisure to pursue his dissertations *, or to answer the reverend † prelate on your side, who I hear has answered him. As I have not read the dissertations, so I shall not read the answer, which, I hope without offence, I may suppose to be your case. If so, I hope you will endeavour to keep me well with the doctor, who took it a little unkindly of me, that I would shut my eyes to such revelation so demonstrated. I have a great esteem for him, to which nothing that he can write upon those subjects can make any addition; and, therefore, I would run no risks as to altering my opinion of him by reading his books.

That health and prosperity may attend you, is my sincere wish; and I intreat you to believe that I am, with great truth, Sir, your most humble and obedient servant.

The whole family of my ladies send their compliments.

* ‘ *Revelation examined with Candour.* ’

† Dr. *Clayton*, then bishop of *Kilala*, afterwards translated to *Corke*, and from thence to *Clogher*.

L E T T E R CCCXX.

Lord B ————— to Dr. SWIFT.

Cirencester, March 29, 1733.

My most dear dean,

I AM indebted to you for several scraps of paper which you have sent me; but I waited to receive a letter from you, and then would have returned you an answer as well as I could. I obeyed your commands signified in your *Penultième*; I attended your cause; your client happened to be in the right, and we are not a little in the wrong, that we gave no costs. I should have moved for them, but I had distinguished myself in pressing lords to attend, and told so many that I had your commands so to do, that I did not think it proper to take that part upon me, and no-body else would do it; therefore give me leave to tell you that you are bound in conscience to pay that poor man 100*l*. He would certainly have had that sum, if you had not interposed in that peremptory manner.

As to your last orders, in relation to the *Dublin* cause, I take it for granted you are in the wrong. All corporations of men are

perpetually doing injustice to individuals. I will attend it, but am as much prejudiced against them, as it is possible, though I know nothing of the man, nor the matter in question. I have often reflected, (from what cause it arises, I know not) that the majority of a society are honest men, and would act, separately, with some humanity, and according to the rules of morality; yet, conjunctively, they are hard-hearted, determined villains. I know physicians, who, if you take them out of their practice, are very good sort of men: but was there ever in the world a consultation of them, that tended to any thing else than robbery and murder? Do the body of lawyers think of any thing else, but to plunder and destroy the rest of mankind? In short, there is no corporation to be excepted out of this general rule, but the two houses of parliament; and all assemblies of divines, wheresoever dispersed through the Christian world. So much for your *Dublin* cause.

Now, I must tell you, I want exceedingly to see you here; and I would have you come just about *Midsummer*. If you come a moment before that time, you will find the parliament sitting, all in a flame about excises; and go into what company you will, you can hear of nothing else. I reckon by that time we shall separate, and then I come down to this place *en famille*, (where I am
now

now only a sojourner for three days) and you shall be better accommodated than you were last time you was here. I can assure you I have made great alterations; and to speak modestly, I think, I may say, it is by much the finest place in *England*. What *Ireland* may produce I cannot tell. *Pope* has promised to come down; and it is time for him to retire, for he has made the town too hot to hold him *.

Poor *John Gay*! we shall see him no more; but he will always be remembered, by those who knew him, with a tender concern. I want to know how you do, and what you are doing. I suspect you are grown very idle; for I have not heard of any production from that fertile brain of your's a great while. And besides, the greatest mark of idleness that I know, is the minding of other people's business. You that used to be employed in supporting or pulling down ministers, in instructing or diverting mankind, in inflaming kingdoms, or pacifying contending parties, now seem to be dwindled into an *Irish* solicitor. I expect to see you in a dirty brown coat, with a little green

* Probably by the publication of *The first Satire of the second Book of Horace, imitated, in a Dialogue between Alexander Pope, Esq; on the one Part, and his learned Council on the other.* Published in February 1732-3.

bag under your arm. However, let me see you. If I cannot laugh with you, as I used to do, I will laugh at you; for I am resolved to laugh as long as I live, So my dear little pettifogger, adieu.

L E T T E R CCCXXI.

Lord M—— to Dr. S W I F T.

London, April the 7th, 1733.

SIR,

I HOPE you will excuse me that I have not answered your letter sooner; but I shall not be backward in obeying your commands, by attending the cause you mentioned, when it comes into the house. I shall not speaking to those few lords, I can be so free with, to attend also; and shall rejoice if it should be determined to your satisfaction: and I have good reason to believe it will, being fully convinced, that you can interest yourself in nothing but where justice is uppermost. We have long flattered ourselves with the hopes of having your good company here. I am sure there is no family in this kingdom wishes to see you more than that of the M——'s, who will always have you in remembrance, for your health and welfare.

welfare. I doubt not but you hear from better hands the state of our affairs in relation to the excising tobacco and wine, therefore shall not trouble you upon that subject; and shall only desire your farther commands wherein I am capable to serve you; assuring you, that I am, with great esteem and faith, Sir, your most faithful and humble servant.

Postscript by lady M——.

SIR,

There are few things in life would give me more joy than to see you again in this part of the world. Let your friends have that pleasure; for in doing it you will oblige a vast number of people; but nobody more, my dear Mr. Dean, than your affectionate humble servant.

L E T T E R CCCXXII.

The Duchess of —— to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *April the 12th, 1733.*

I RECEIVED your's of the 23^d of *March*. Perpetual pains in my head have hindered me from writing 'till this moment; so you see you are not the only person
that

that way tormented. I dare believe there are as many bad heads in *England* as in *Ireland*; I am sure none worse than my own; that I am made for pain, and pain for me; for, of late, we have been inseperable. It is a most dispiriting distemper, and brings on pain of mind, whether real or imaginary, it is all one.

Whilst I had that very sincere good friend, I could sometimes lay open all my rambling thoughts, and he and I would often view and dissect them; but now they come and go, and I seldom find out whether they be right or wrong, or if there be any thing in them. Poor man! he was most truly every thing you could say of him. I have lost, in him, the usefulest limb of my mind. This is an odd expression; but I cannot explain my notion otherwise.

I deny that I am touchy; yet am going to seem so again, by assuring you my letters are never false copies of my mind. They are often, I believe, imperfections of an imperfect mind; which, however, to do it justice, often directs me better than I act. Though I will not take upon me, to declare my way of thinking to be eternally the same; yet whatever I write is at that instant true. I would rather tell a lye, than write it down; for words are wind ('tis said); but the making a memorandum of one's own

own false heart would stare one in the face immediately, and should put one out of countenance. Now, as a proof of my unsettled way of thinking, and of my sincerity, I shall tell you, that I am not so much in the wrong as you observed I was in my last: for my regard to you is lessened extremely, since I observed you are just like most other people, *viz.* disobliged at trifles, and obliged at nothings; for what else are bare words? Therefore pray never believe I wish to serve you, 'till you have tried me; 'till then protestations are bribes, by which I may only mean to gain the friendship of a valuable man, and therefore ought to be suspected. I seldom make any for that reason; so that if I have the peculiar happiness to have any wise good people my flatterers, God knows how I came by it; but sure nothing can equal such glory, except that of having the silly and bad people my enemies.

Here I think we agree. You declare, that no such can depress your spirits; and if our constitutions are alike, I will not only preach up good spirits, but prescribe the materials that have ever agreed with me. If any body has done me an injury they have hurt themselves more than me. If they give me an ill-name (unless they have my help) I shall not deserve it. If fools shun my company, it is because I am not like them;

them; if people make me angry, they only raise my spirits; and if they wish me ill, I will be well and handsome, wise and happy, and every thing, except a day younger than I am, and that's a fancy I never yet saw becoming to man or woman, so it cannot excite envy. Here I have betrayed to you the devilishness of my temper; but I declare to you, nothing ever enlivened me half so much, as unjust ill usage, either directed to myself or my friends. The very reverse happens to me, when I am too well spoken of; for I am sorry to find I don't deserve it at all. This humbleth me as much too much as the other exalts; so I hope you will not be too civil, since I have declared the consequence.

I am in great hopes you will make us a visit this summer; for though I have a sensible satisfaction by conversing with you in this way, yet I love mightily to look in the person's face I am speaking to. By that, one soon learns to stop when it is wished, or to mend what is said amiss.

Your stewards will take great care of your money; but you must first direct us to your friend Mr. *Lancelot*, and order him to give up Mr. *Gay*'s note on his sister's paying the money to his grace, who will give him his note for the money, or send it to you, just as you order. And as to what interest is due, I suppose you have kept some account.

By

By this time you must be too much tired, to bear reading one word more; therefore I will make no excuses. Pray employ me; for I want to be certain, whether I know my own mind or not: for something or other often tells me, that I should be very happy to be of any use to you. Whether it be true or false, neither you or I can be positive, 'till an opportunity shews; but I do really think, that I am, dear Sir, most sincerely your's, &c.

L E T T E R CCCXXIII.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. S W I F T.

May the 1st, 1733.

I Should have answered your's of the 22d of *March* long ago; but that I have had some troubles and frights. The uneasiness I was under made me neglect what, at another time, would have been agreeable to myself, Mrs. *Chambers's* younger sister, having had the small-pox; but now perfectly well. Mrs. *Floyd* too has been excessively bad with her winter cough and dispiritedness; but country air, I think, has a little revived her.

His grace of *Dorset* bids me present his humble service to you, and says, the rectory of *Churchtown* is at Mr. *Stafford Lightburn's* service. As to the countess of *Suffolk's* affair

fair in dispute, I cannot possibly (according to your own just rule) be angry, because I am in the right. It is you ought to be angry, and never forgive her, because you have been so much in the wrong as to condemn her, without the shew of justice; and I wish with all my heart, as a judgment upon you, that you had seen her, as I did, when the news of your friend's death * came; for tho' you are a proud parson, yet (give you, devil, your due) you are a sincere, good-natured, honest one. I am extremely Mrs. *Kelly's* humble servant; but I will never believe she is more valued for her beauty and good qualities in *Ireland*, than she was in *England*. The excise you mention has caused great changes here. Some that I am sorry for; though I will not enter into the merits of the cause, because of my aversion from politics. But if you did dislike it, why did you bestow such a costly funeral upon it, as to burn it's bones on a sumptuous pile, like a *Roman* emperor?

Adieu, my ever honoured old friend; and do not let me see any more respects or ladyships from you.

* Mr. *Gay*.

L E T-

LETTER CCCXXIV.

The Duchess of — to Dr. SWIFT.

Amesbury, May the 31st, 1733.

I AM now again your *Tunbridge* correspondent. His grace and I have been here this fortnight, with no other company than bricklayers and labourers. We are throwing down a parcel of walls, that blocked us up every way, and making a sunk fence round the house. This will make the place as chearful again, and we find great entertainment by inspecting the work. Since I came here, even I have often got up by six in the morning, (I designed it always) and the whole house are fast asleep before twelve. This I call good hours. I walk as much as I am able, sometimes rather more. We sometimes ride, though not often: for the evenings and mornings are very cold, and the middle of the day violently hot. North-east winds continually, and such want of rain, that the ground is hard as iron. I am the most temperate creature in my diet you ever knew; yet, with all my care, I cannot be well. I believe, if I am never guilty of a greater fault, I shall meet with very little resentment, either public or private. They
are

are the faults in the world soonest forgot, and the seldomeſt truly repented. Let that be as it will, ſince health is undoubtedly the moſt valuable thing in life, I ſhall do all I can to obtain it. This makes me conſent to a thing in the world I am moſt averſe to, that is, going to the *Spaw* about a month or fix weeks hence. I wiſh it was good for your complaints, that we might be there together. Really, if you think it will be of any uſe to you, and that you can order your affairs ſo as to make it poſſible, depend upon it we ſhall make it our ſtudy, and a very agreeable one too, to make you as eaſy and happy as it is in the power of people (not of a very troubleſome diſpoſition) to contrive. Your complaint and mine are not very different, as I imagine. Mine is a ſort of a dizziness, which generally goes off by the head-ach. Some learned people give it a name I do not know how to ſpell, a vertico, or vertigo. Pray underſtand that I, really and truly, do not only ſay, but mean, that I wiſh you could either meet us at the *Spaw*, or at *London*, to go on with us; and in this I am ſure I ſhall never change my mind. If it can do you any good, I feel myſelf enough your friend to reſent it extremely, if you miſs this opportunity. This you would believe, if you knew what obligations I have to you. I am generally poor in ſpirit, or quarrelling
with

with myself for being good for nothing. When a letter comes from you, it does not only entertain and revive me, but instantly I fancy I ought to have a good opinion of myself; which is of very great use to have, provided it is kept within just bounds. I shall punctually obey your commands concerning that poem; but I think you may be perfectly easy on that account; for I saw it before I left *London*, and heard several people talk of it, and the general opinion was, that you had no hand in it; but that the thing happened just as you say. I think you need not be much disturbed at it. The other trouble you mention I can allow of. Philosophy cannot make such things not be; the most it can pretend to is, to help people to patience. I am heartily sorry you have any particular occasion for any. Is your law-suit still in being? Perhaps I may be impertinent; but I remember you once mentioned something of that kind.

I am pretty well satisfied any thing is bad for the head that fills it too full; therefore I advise you to unbend your thoughts, and ask my advice; if it should prove good, take it; if not, leave it. I should be mighty glad to be of service to you; in making me so, you would shew kindness to the memory of your very sincere friend, and be kind to me. You may depend upon me, both for his sake and your own. I will endeavour to convey your

messages to lady *Catherine* and *Charlotte* as soon as possible. The first I have not conversed with this year and half; I believe she is nobody's friend; but I more than believe that nobody is her's. I have a brother, that I dare answer you would like, if you knew him perfectly, not else. I love and honour him, and he deserves it. When his grace goes to *London*, which will be very soon, your money shall be as you ordered. He is mightily shocked at so many speeches. He is not by, just now, or undoubtedly he would think you deserve to have them returned. It is lucky for me, for I am come to the end of my paper. Note, without an excuse.

L E T T E R CCCXXV.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. S W I F T.

June the 5th, 1733.

HAS Mr. *Stafford Lightburne*'s friend got the gout in his fingers? Or is he so busy in measuring the water, and casting a figure to know the exact time when to set his friends a swimming, that he can't find one moment to let me know that he received my letter, written a month ago, to inform you that his grace would chearfully and readily obey your commands. However, I am again
ordered

ordered by him to tell you, that the warrant will be sent to *Dublin* by next post, so pray let Mr. *Lightburne* be ready to make his personal appearance, lest they should not else know how to find him. It was well you needed no intercessor to his grace; and that the no-promise from him, and the one word from you, is of much more weight than my rhetoric: for I have been so horridly used by a nasty griping brother black-coat, in a small three-and-six-pence affair of my own, that I don't know whether I should not have done like you of the faction, revenge myself of the innocent, for the sake of one bishop and minister, that I say, has cheated, fleeced, and flead me, just as if they had been *South-Sea* or *East India* directors.

You are angry, if I do not mention Mrs. *Floyd* to you; so, I must tell you, she is gone for a little time into the country, to try if that will ever cure her cough. I am heartily sorry for your new friend Mrs. *Kelly*, who writes in a desponding way to Mrs. *Chambers* about her health, and talks of going to *Spaw*. This is a melancholy subject, and I hate to be vexed. So I will say no more of it, but adieu, my dear Dean, and let me hear from you soon. See letters cccxxiii. and cccxxvi.

L E T T E R CCCXXVI.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

Knole, 9th July, 1733.

NOW, says parson *Swift**, What the devil makes this woman write to me with this filthy white ink? I cannot read a word of it, without more trouble than her silly scribble is worth. Why, say I again: Ay, it is the women are always accused of having bad writing implements; but to my comfort be it spoke, this is his grace my lord lieutenant's † ink. My bureau at *London* is so well furnished, that his grace and his secretary make so much use of it, that they are often obliged to give half a crown, that I may not run out my estate in paper. It is very happy when a go-between pleases both sides, and I am very well pleased with my office; for his grace is delighted, that it was in his power to oblige you. So *treve de compliment*. Since I have declared my passion, against a bishop and a parson, it is but fair, I should tell you the story, whether you care

* The name she called the dean by, in the stanza which she inserted in this ballad on *The Game of Traffic*.

† The duke of *Dorset*, then chief governor of *Ireland*.

to hear it or not; but if you do not, I give you leave not to mind it, for now it is over, I am calm again.

As to the * bishop, I know neither his principles nor his parts, but his diocese is *Peterborough*; and having a small park in *Northamptonshire*, which I had a mind to encrease by a small addition, to make my house stand in the middle of it. Three shillings and sixpence worth of land, at the largest computation, belongs to the church; for which my old parson (who flatters me black and blue, when he comes from a *Sunday* dinner, and says he loves me better than any body in the world) has made me give him up in lieu of that land, a house and ground that lets for 40*s.* a year, and is hardly content with that, but reckons it a vast favour. And the bishop has put me to ten times more charge than it is worth, by sending commissioners to view it, and making me give petitions, and dancing me through his court; besides, a great dinner to his nasty people. Now, am I not in the right to be angry? But perhaps you will say, if I will have my fancies, I must pay for them; so I will say no more about it. I hear poor Mrs. *Kelly* is not near so well as she says; and a gentleman that came from *Bristol*, says she looks dread-

* Dr. Robert Clavering.

fully, and fears it is almost over with her, and that no mortal could know her; so ends youth and beauty! that is such a moral reflexion, that, lest it should make you melancholy, I will tell you something to please you. Your old friend Mrs. *Floyd* is perfectly recovered. I think I have not seen her so well this great while; but winter is always her bane, so I shall live in dread of that.

In your next, I desire to know what I am in your debt for my sister's monument.—
Adieu, my dear, good, old beloved friend.

L E T T E R CCCXXVII.

The Duchess of ——— to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Amesbury, Nov. 3, 1733.*

I WAS mightily pleased to receive a letter from you last post; yet I am so ungrateful, I will not thank you for it, and it may be, you do not deserve it. The cruelest revenge that one can possibly inflict (without hurting one's self) is, that of being doubly diligent to those who neglect one, in order to shock them into better behaviour. As I have tried this trick myself, and that strong appearances are against me, I must defend myself, and then you'll own I do not quite deserve chastisement.

The

The post before I left this place, I received a letter from you, which I designed to have answered before I left *London* and *England*; but was hindered from both, for some time, by an express, which hurried us down to *Winchester* school, to take care of our little boy there, who was violently ill of a fever. From that time, 'till I came to *Spaw*, we were never at home; and as soon as I began the waters, writing could not be done with my bad head. Since I left that place, and grew well; I have been still upon the ramble. After all, these are not very substantial good reasons; but, upon my word, I design it; in order to which two days ago I washed the mould out of my inkhorn, put fresh ink into it, and promised myself to write to you this very post. Pleasing myself with the fancy, that this would reach you, and convince you, that I had you still in great regard before you could or would think it worth your while to put me in mind of you. I could not possibly fail to gain credit, if you could possibly conceive the great satisfaction your letters give me. I have seldom met with any half so conversible. I do not only pity, but grieve at those complaints you mention; they are a cruel incumbrance to you. Why cannot you transfer them to a thousand inanimate creatures, who have nothing in their heads?

I was, and am really sorry, that you could not go with us to the *Spaw*. I am confident it must have done you good. I cannot describe the vast difference I felt after drinking the waters a week, and am still much better than I ever expected, though not quite free of the complaints in my head, but they are greatly lessened.

I have three or four letters to write this very night, so have not time to think of answering your letters. This is only a volunteer, after which, I may with greater assurance desire you to believe, that I am, with great constancy, regard, and respect, your's, &c.

L E T T E R CCCXXVIII.

The Duchess of — to Dr. SWIFT.

Amesbury, Nov. 10, 1733.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE only staid to give time for my letter. There is some satisfaction in sitting down to write, now that I am something less in your debt; I mean, by way of letter. To speak seriously, I must love contradiction more than ever woman did, if I did not obey your commands; for I do sincerely take great pleasure in conversing with you.

you. If you have heard of my figure a-broad, it is no more than I have done on both sides of my ears, as the saying is. I did not cut and curl my hair like a sheep's head, or wear one of their travelling sacks; and yet, by not doing so, I did give some offence.

We have seen many very fine towns, and travelled through good roads, and pleasant countries. I like *Flanders* in particular, because it is the likest to *England*. The inns were very unlike those at home, being much cleaner and better served; so that here I could not maintain my partiality with common justice. As to the civilizing any of that nation, it would employ more ill spent time fruitlessly than any one has to spare: they are the only people I ever saw that were quite without a genius, to be civil when they had to be so. Will you eat? Will you play at cards? are literally the tip-top well-bred phrases in use. The *French* people we met are quite of another turn, polite and easy; one is the natural consequence of the other, though a secret that few have discovered. I can bring you an *Irish* witness (if that be sufficient) that I have wished for you many time during this journey, and particularly at *Spaw*, where I imagined you might have been mending every day as fast as I did; and, you are a
base

base man to say, that any such impediment as you mentioned, thwarted your journey; for you were sure of a welcome share in every thing we had. It were unnecessary to say this now, if we had no thoughts of ever going again; but it is what I am strongly advised to, though I should not much want it, and I am not averse: travelling agrees with me, and makes me good humoured. At home I am generally more nice than wife, but on the road nothing comes amiss. At *Calais* we were wind-bound four or five days, and I was very well contented: when the wind changed I was delighted to go. As impatience is generally my reigning distemper, you may imagine, how I must be alarmed at this sudden alteration, 'till I happily recollected two instances, where I was myself. The one at *Breda*, where the inn-keeper let drop, if you mean to go an hour and half, after we had fifty times told him that, positively, we would go. The other at *Amsterdam*, where we met with a very incurious gent. who affirmed, there was nothing worth seeing; though besides the town, which far surpassed my imagination, there happened to be a most famous fair.

It

It is long since these two verses of *Dryden's Simon* * are strictly applicable to me.

Her corn and cattle are her only care,
And her supreme delight a country fair.

I shall forget to name my *Irish* friend. It is Mr. † *Coote*. He is, in all appearance, a modest, well-bred, splenetic, good-natured man. I had then one of these qualifications more than was pleasant, and so we became acquainted. He has a very great regard for you, Sir; and there we agreed again. We were all highly pleased with him. He seems to have a better way of thinking than is common, and not to want for sense or good humour. I tell you, that I do use exercise; designedly, never eat or drink what can disagree with me, but am no more certain of my stomach, than of my mind; at sometimes proof against any thing, and at other times too easily shocked; but time and care can certainly make a strong defence. I will obey your commands, and so will his grace, concerning Mrs. *Barber*, as soon as we come to *London*, where we stayed but three days.

* The story of *Cimon* and *Iphigenia*, in his fable.

† *Charles Coote*, esq; son of — *Coote*, esq; judge of the *Queen's-bench* in queen *Ann's* reign, and father of Sir *Charles Coote*, knight of the *Bath*, now lord *Colony*.

We

We are now at *Amesbury*; but pray, direct for me at *London*. I doubt we can do her but little good; for as to my part, I have few acquaintance, and little interest. I will believe every thing you say of her, though I have hitherto had a natural aversion to a poets.

I am come almost to the end of my paper, before I have half done with you. It was a rule, I remember, with poor Mr. *Gay* and me, never to exceed three pages. I long to hear from you, that I may have an excuse to write again; for I doubt it would be carrying the joke too far to trouble you too often. Adieu, dear Sir, health and happiness attend you ever. I fear I have written so very ill, that I am quite unintelligible.

His grace is very much your's.

L E T-

L E T T E R CCCXXIX.

The Countess of GRANVILLE * to
Dr. S W I F T.

Hawnes, Nov. the 27th, 1733.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE received the honour of your commands, and shall obey them; for I am very proud of your remembrance. I don't know we ever quarrell'd; but if we did, I am as good a Christian as you are, in perfect charity with you. My son, my daughter, and all our olive branches salute you most tenderly. I never wish'd so much as I do now, that I were bright, and had a genius, which could entertain you, in return for the many excellent things that entertain me daily, which I read over and over with fresh delight. Will you never come into *England*, and make *Hawnes* † in your road? You will find nothing here to offend you;

* ' Grace, widow and relict of George lord Carteret, and daughter of John Granville, earl of Bath. She was created viscountess Carteret, and countess Granville, 1st January, 1714-15, with limitation of those honours to her son John, the late earl.'

† ' A seat of lord Carteret, late earl of Granville, in Bedfordshire.'

for

for I am a hermit, and live in my chimney
corner, and have no ambition, but that you'll
believe I am the charming Dean's
Most obedient humble servant.

L E T T E R CCCXXX.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. S W I F T.

March the 2d, 1733-4.

I AM extreme glad to hear you are got
well again; and I do assure you, it was
no point of ceremony made me forbear
writing, but the downright fear of being
troublesome. If you have got rid of your
deafness, that is a happiness I doubt poor
lady *Suffolk* will never have; for she does
not mend, if she does not grow rather worse.
But we ladies are famous for straining our
voices upon the bad occasion of anger: and
sure then it is hard, if it is not more agree-
able to do it for the sake of friendship. By
the histories I hear from *Ireland, Bettsworth*,
in the midst of your illness, did not think
your pen lay idle *; but this good you had
from

* About this time, an attempt was made to repeal
the *Test Act* in *Ireland*; and the dissenters on this
occasion, affected to call themselves *Brother Prote-*
stants, and *Fellow-Christians*, with the Members of the
Estab-

from it, that such a troublesome fellow made your friends and neighbours shew they could exert themselves for your sake. Mrs. *Floyd* has passed this winter rather better than the last; but cold weather is an enemy to her; and when you see her, I fear you will find, that though the goodness of the composition will always hold, yet so many winters have taken the beauty of it entirely off. It grows now near the time, that I have hopes you will soon part with my * duke and duchess. I always used to be her doctor; I wish you would allow me to be your's, and take my advice, and try how the change of air would mend your constitution; but I fear you will not. However, God bless you; and, adieu.

Established Church. This the dean made the subject of a short copy of verses, in which there is a passage, which so provoked one *B—fw—th*, a lawyer, and member for the *Irish* parliament, that he swore to revenge himself, either by maiming, or murdering the author; and, for this purpose, he engaged his footman, with two ruffians, to secure the dean wherever he could be found. As soon as this oath and attempt of *B---fw--th* were known, the inhabitants of *St. Patrick's* waited upon the dean in form, and presented a paper, subscribed with their names; in which, they solemnly engaged, in behalf of themselves and the rest of the liberty, to defend his person and fortune as the friend and benefactor of his country.

* *Dorset.*

L E T-

L E T T E R CCCXXXI.

The Ducheſs of ——— to Dr. SWIFT.

Dear Sir, *London, March 4, 1733-4.*

IF ever lying was neceſſary, I fear it is ſo at preſent; for no truth can furniſh me with ſufficient excuſe for not having writ long ago; therefore I have been ſtrongly tempted to diſown having received any return to my letters, which I wrote to you ſince my return to theſe parts; but upon more mature deliberation, I have convinced myſelf, that it is better to confeſs my fault, than to give you any handle to ſuſpect my truth for the future. I wiſh every body was as timorous as myſelf, and then lying and deceit would never be ſo much in the faſhion, as it has and will be for many ages paſt and to come. I remember you once told me, always to fit down to write when I was in good health, and good humour; neither of them have been perfect for ſome time. The firſt has been interrupted by perpetual colds, and pains in my face and teeth. My temper, by theſe trying truths which I am about to tell you, viz. a journey to *Scotland*, where we have being going every week and every day ſince *Chriſtmas*; the uncertainty of which, and
being

being consequently unsettled, is even worse than the thing itself. This is not all; by these means I have been obliged to send a little boy (who has been my constant companion ever since he was born, and who is not seven years old 'till next *July*) to school, a full year before it was necessary or proper. The doing this, I own, has damped my spirits more than was reasonable, though it was by his own desire; and that I am persuaded he is well taken care of, both by the master and his own brother, who is fond of him, and so would you be, if you knew him; for he has more sense than above half the world. The other is a fine boy, and grown very strong and healthy. I am much obliged to you for reproving me, that I did not tell you so before. I am in great hopes to live to see them both men; therefore pray advise me what to do with them after they have gone through the school; for I imagine that just then is the most difficult part of their education. Mr. *Locke*, with whom I cannot help differing in some things, makes a full stop there; and I never heard of any other that ever mentioned, or at least published, any helps for children at that time of life, which I apprehend to be the most material.

There is a good deal of impertinence in filling two sides of paper about me and mine;

but I own at present, my whole thoughts are so much employed on the latter, that I involuntarily think and talk of little else. Tomorrow will be acted a new play of our friend Mr. Gay's*; we stay on purpose now for that, and shall go on *Thursday* for *Edinburgh*, where the greatest good I can expect, or hope for, is a line from you. We shall deposite our guineas for Mrs. Barber with Mr. Pope, or my brother. I wish you all health and prosperity. I will not wish you devoid of all trouble and vexation, because I think a moderate share is a great encouragement to good spirits; but may you never meet with more than is absolutely necessary to be pleasant.

Adieu, Sir. If you will oblige me, you must do me the justice to believe I am your most faithful friend, &c.

* ' It was intituled, *Achilles, an Opera*, and was represented at the theatre in *Drury-lane*; but without success. It was written in the manner of the *Beggar's Opera*, and contained a ludicrous representation of the discovery of *Achilles* by *Ulysses*.

L E T T E R CCCXXXII.

Mr. G R A N T to Dr. S W I F T.

London, March the 14th, 1733-4.

Very Reverend Sir,

THOUGH I have been long an admirer of your wit and learning, I have not less valued and esteemed your public spirit and great affection to your native country. These valuable ingredients in your character persuade me to propose to you what I apprehend may be for your country's benefit, and that you will excuse my taking the liberty to do it. As good principles dispose you, your real merit happily united with them, gives you weight and influence to promote the public good; to which I am well assured your country owes not only the escaping many evils, but the establishment of many valuable articles for the encrease of their wealth and strength. Though I am not a native of *Ireland*, I have always regarded it as so connected with this country, that the natives of both islands ought mutually to study and advance the advantage of each other. And it is in consequence of this principle that I offer to your consideration, that your countrymen should heartily engage

in and pursue the white herring and cod fishing. This is a branch of trade which Providence has given opportunity to follow in both countries; neither can they prejudice one another, as there may be consumption for all that may be caught on both islands. There is nothing that would so effectually employ your poor, and prevent their going abroad, considering the great variety of trades necessary in this undertaking; it would also increase the consumption of your home manufactures, and increase the balance of your foreign trade.

The north and north-east parts of your island lie exceeding well, both for the cod and herring fishing, as will appear to you from their course, which is described in the inclosed pamphlet, if you take the trouble to look upon it; but encouragements are necessary to support a new undertaking in it's infancy, because they are always, at the beginning, liable to charges and inconveniences, which discourage private adventurers, if not supported by the public. I have with great pleasure read, in the minutes of your parliament, of late years, several instances of their zeal for their country's good, which inclines me to believe they would readily receive and encourage a proposition of this nature, if properly introduced and recommended to them; and I should reckon it a particular

cular good fortune, if I could suggest what would be acceptable to you and them. I have been desirous to establish and improve this valuable branch of commerce into *Britain*, for which reason I have applied myself to it several years last past, and examined it in all it's shapes, from whence I flatter myself to have acquired a thorough knowledge in the matter; and I am, with other gentlemen, endeavouring to obtain the necessary encouragements for it here; but it being late before we moved in our application, and appearance of a short session, I am afraid we shall make little progress at this time. Not being sufficiently acquainted with your laws and constitutions, I cannot take upon me to say what may be proper encouragements in your country; yet I may freely venture to assert one proposition, to which every one must assent, that it is the interest of any nation to grant premiums and bounties for the encouragement of any one branch of trade, which, in proportion to what is paid by the public, and when that is paid only to it's own subjects, brings into the kingdom ten times the value. And I may, with equal safety, advance this other proposition, that no article of trade better deserves encouragement, from both *Britain* and *Ireland*, than the fishing does; or that might be made of so great consequence and general benefit to

both: to which I believe I may add, that there is not any business more natural to either, or the establishment whereof would receive more universal approbation and applause.

These things, from my opinion of your character, I thought I might take the liberty to trouble you with; which I was the more readily induced to, as it furnished me an opportunity of declaring, that I am, with great esteem, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

FRANCIS GRANT.

P. S. If you have any commands for me, or that you think I may be any ways useful in explaining or promoting this subject, I shall with pleasure obey you; in which case you may direct for me, merchant in *London*.

LET-

L E T T E R CCCXXXIII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

April the 12th, 1734.

Reverend and dear Sir,

I HAVE received your's of the 16th of *February* very lately; but have not yet seen the person who brought it, nor am likely to see him, unless he finds me out in my retreat. Our friend *Pope* is in town, and to him I send this letter; for he tells me he can forward it to you by the hands of one of our common friends. If I can do Mr. *Faulkner* any service, I shall certainly do it, because I shall catch at any opportunity of pleasing you; but my help, in a project of subscription, will, I fear, avail him little. I live much out of the world, and I do not blush to own, that I am out of fashion in it. My wife, who is extremely obliged to you for your kind remembrance of her, and who desires me to say all the fond things from her to you, which I know she thinks, enjoys a precarious health, easily shook, and sometimes interrupted by fits of severe pain; but, upon the whole, much better than it has been these five years. I walk down hill ea-

sily and leisuredly enough, except when a strong disposition to the jaundice (that I have long carried about me) gives me a shove. I guard against it as well as I can; the censors say, not as well as I might. Too sedentary a life hurts me, and yet I do not care to lead any other; for sauntering about my grounds is not exercise. I say, I will be very active this summer, and I will try to keep my word. Riding is your *panacea*; and *Bathurst* is younger than his sons by observing the same regimen. If I can keep where I am a few years longer, I shall be satisfied; for I have something, and not much, to do before I die. I know by experience one cannot serve the present age. About posterity one may flatter one's self, and I have a mind to write to the next age. You have seen, I doubt not, the ethic epistles, and though they go a little into metaphysics, I persuade myself you both understand and approve them; the first book being finished, the others will soon follow; for many of them are writ or crayoned out. What are you doing?—Good, I am sure. But of what kind? Pray, Mr. Dean, be a little more cautious in your recommendations. I took care, a year ago, to remove some obstacles that might have hindered the success of one of your recommendations, and I have heartily repented of it since. The fellow

wants

wants morals, and, as I hear, decency, sometimes. You have had accounts, I presume, which will not leave you at a loss to guess whom I mean. Is there no hope left of seeing you once more in this island? I often wish myself out of it; and I shall wish so much more, if it is impossible *de voisiner* (I know no *English* word to say the same thing) with you. Adieu, dear Sir; no man living preserves a higher esteem, or a more warm and sincere friendship for you than I do.

L E T T E R CCCXXXIV.

Lord C—— to Dr. SWIFT.

Jermyn-street, April 13, 1734.

S I R,

I HAD the honour of your letter, which gave me a considerable pleasure to see that I am not so much out of your thoughts, but that you can take notice of events that happen in my family. I need not say, that these alliances* are very agreeable to me; but that they are so to my friends, adds much to the satisfaction I receive from them.

* 'His Lordship's third daughter, *Georgina-Carolina*, was married, 14 Feb. 1733-4, to the honourable *John Spencer*.'

They

They certainly enable me to contract my desires, which is no inconsiderable step towards being happy. As to the other things, I go on as well as I can: and now and then observe, that I have more friends than I had when I was in a situation to do them service. This may be a delusion: however, it is a pleasing one. And I have more reason to believe a man, now I can do him no good, than I had when I could do him favours, which the greatest philosophers are sometimes tempted to solicit their friends about. I shall continue to serve Mrs. *Barber*, by recommending her, as occasion shall offer, where it is necessary; but you have done that so effectually, that nothing need be said to those, to whom you have said any thing in her behalf. I hope Dr. *Delany* is, as he always used to be, chearful in himself, and agreeable to all that know him; and that he, by this time, is convinced, that the world is not worthy of so much speculation as he has bestowed upon some matters. Lady *Worsley*, my wife, and daughters, to whom I have shewn your letter, not forgetting my mother, present their humble service to you. And I desire to recommend the whole family, as well as myself, to the continuance of your favour. I am, Sir, with the greatest respect, your most humble and most obedient servant,

C.
L E T-

L E T T E R CCCXXXV.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

From my Farm, *June* 27th, 1734.

I T H A N K you, my dear Dean ; or to use a name to me more sacred, I thank you my friend, for your letter of the 23d of *May*, which came to me by post. I answer it by the same conveyance; and provided the inspection of private men's correspondence do not stop our letters, they have my leave to do, what they will do without it; to open and read them. If they expect to find any thing which may do us hurt, or them good; their disappointment will give me pleasure, and in the proportion, I shall imagine it gives them pain. I should have another pleasure, of higher relish, if our epistles were to be perused by persons of higher rank. And who knows, considering the mighty importance we are of, whether that may not happen? How would these persons stare, to see such a thing as sincere cordial friendship subsist inviolate, and grow and strengthen from year to year, in spite of distance, absence, and mutual inutility!

But enough on this. Let us turn to other subjects. I have read, in the golden verses of

of *Pythagoras*, or in some other collection of wise apothegms of the ancients, that a man of business may talk of philosophy, a man who has none may practise it. What do you think of this maxim? Is it exact? I have a strange distrust of maxims. We make as many observations as our time, our knowledge, and the other means we have, give us the opportunity of making on a physical matter. We find that they all correspond, and that one general proposition may be affirmed, as the result of them. This we affirm; and, in consequence, this becomes a maxim among our followers, if we have any. Thus the king of *Siam* affirmed, that water was always in a fluid state; and I doubt not but the *Talapoins*, do they not call them so? held this maxim. Neither he, or they, had ever climbed the neighbouring mountains of *Ava*; their observations were confined to the burning climate they inhabited. It is much the same in moral maxims, founded on observations of the conduct of men; for there are other moral maxims of universal truth, as there are moral duties of eternal obligation. We see what the conduct is, and we guess what the motives are, of great numbers of men; but then we see often at too great a distance, or through a faulty medium; we guess with much uncertainty from a thousand reasons

con-

concerning a thing as various, as changing, as inconsistent as the heart of man. And even when we see right, and guess right, we build our maxims on a small number of observations (for such they are comparatively, how numerous soever they may be, taken by themselves) which our own age and our own country chiefly have presented to us.

You and I have known one * man in particular, who affected business he often hindered, and never did; who had the honour among some, and the blame among others, of bringing about great revolutions in his own country, and in the general affairs of *Europe*; and who was, at the same time, the idlest creature living: who was never more copious than in expressing, when that was the theme of the day, his indifference to power, and his contempt of what we call honours, such as titles, ribbands, &c. who should, to have been consistent, have had this indifference, and have felt this contempt, since he knew neither how to use power, nor how to wear honours, and yet, who was jealous of one, and fond of the other, even to ridicule. This character seems singular enough, and yet I have known some resembling it very much in general, and many exactly like it, in the strongest marks it bore.

* Lord Oxford.

Now let us suppose, that some *Rockfau-*
cault or other, some *Anthropomical* sage,
 should discover a multitude of similar in-
 stances, and not stumble upon any one re-
 pugnant; you and I should not, however, re-
 ceive for a maxim, that he who affects bu-
 siness, never does it: nor this, that he who
 brings about great revolutions, is always
 idle: nor this, that he who expresses indif-
 ference to power, and contempt of honours,
 is jealous of one, and fond of the others.

Proceed we now, dear Doctor, to the ap-
 plication. A man in business, and a man
 who is out of it, may equally talk of phi-
 losophy; that is certain. The question is,
 whether the man in business may not prac-
 tise it, as well as the man out of business?
 I think he may, in this sense, as easily; but
 sure I am, he may, in this sense, as usefully.
 If we look into the world, our part of it I
 mean, we shall find, I believe, few philoso-
 phers in business, or out of business. The
 greatest part of the men I have seen in busi-
 ness, perhaps all of them, have been so far
 from acting on philosophical principles, that
 is, on principles of reason and virtue, that
 they have not acted even on the highest prin-
 ciples of vice. I have not known a man of
 real ambition; a man who sacrificed all his
 passions, or made them all subservient to that
 one; but I have known many, whose vanity
 and

and whose avarice mimicked ambition. The greatest part of the men I have seen out of business have been so far from practising philosophy, that they have lived in the world errant triflers; or retiring from it, have fallen into stupid indolence, and deserved such an inscription as *Seneca* mentions, in one of his letters to *Lucilius*, to have been put over the door of one *Vattia*. *Hic situs est Vattia*. But, for all this, I think that a man in business may practise philosophy as austere to himself, and more beneficially to mankind, than a man out of it. The *Stoics* were an affected, pedantical sect; but I have always approved that rule of the *Peripatetics*, that a philosopher was not to except himself from the duties of society, neither in the community to which he particularly belonged, nor in the great community of mankind. *Mencius*, and his master *Confucius*, were strange metaphysicians, but they were good moralists, and they divided their doctrines into three parts; the duties of a man; of an individual, as a member of a family; and as a member of a state. In short, a man may be, many men have been, and some are, I believe, philosophers in business; he that can be so out of it, can be so in it.

But it is impossible to talk so much of philosophy, and forget to speak of *Pope*. He is actually rambling from one friend's house

house to another. He is now at *Cirencester*; he came thither from my lord *Cobham's*; he came to my lord *Cobham's* from Mr. *Dormer's*; to Mr. *Dormer's* from *London*; to *London* from *Chiswick*; to *Chiswick* from my farm; to my farm from his own garden; and he goes soon from lord *Bathurst's* to lord *Peterborow's*; after which he returns to my farm again. The dæmon of verse sticks close to him. He has been imitating the satire of *Horace*, which begins *Ambubaiarum Collegia pharmacopolæ, &c.* and has chose rather to weaken the images, than to hurt chaste ears overmuch. He has sent it me; but I shall keep his secret as he desires, and shall not, I think, return him the copy; for the rogue has fixed a ridicule upon me, which some events of my life would seem perhaps to justify him in doing. I am glad you approve his *Moral Essays*. They will do more good than the sermons and writings of some, who had a mind to find great fault with them. And if the doctrines taught, hinted at, and implied in them, and the trains of consequences deducible from these doctrines were to be disputed in prose, I think he would have no reason to apprehend either the free-thinkers on one hand, or the narrow dogmatists on the other. Some few things may be expressed a little hardly; but none are, I believe, unintelligible.

telligible. I will let him know your complaints of his silence; which I wonder at the more, because he has often spoke in such a manner, as made me conclude you heard from him pretty regularly. Your compliments shall be paid likewise to the other friends you mention:

You complain of the vast alteration which the last seven years have made in you; and do you believe, that they have not made proportionable alterations in us? Satisfy yourself they have. We all go the same road, and keep much the same stages. Let this consideration, therefore, not hinder you from coming amongst us. You shall ride, walk, trifle, meddle, chide, and be as ill-bred as you please; and the indulgence you receive on these heads you shall return on these or others. Adieu.

I will speak to you about books next time I write, if I can recollect what I intended to say upon a passage in your letter; or if any thing else, worth saying, comes into my head. Adieu, my friend.

L E T T E R CCCXXXVI.

Dr. ARBUTHNOTT to Dr. SWIFT.

Hamstead, Oct. 4, 1734.

My dear and worthy friend,

YOU have no reason to put me amongst the rest of your forgetful friends; for I wrote two long letters to you, to which I never received one word of answer. The first was about your health; the last I sent a great while ago, by one *De La Mar*. I can assure you, with great truth, that none of your friends or acquaintance has a more warm heart towards you than myself. I am going out of this troublesome world, and you, amongst the rest of my friends, shall have my last prayers, and good wishes.

The young man whom you recommended came to this place, and I promised to do him what service my ill state of health would permit. I came out to this place so reduced by a dropsy and an asthma, that I could neither sleep, breathe, eat, or move. I most earnestly desired and begged of God, that he would take me. Contrary to my expectation, upon venturing to ride (which I had forborn, for some years, because of bloody water) I recovered my strength to a pretty con-

considerable degree, slept, and had my stomach again; but I expect the return of my symptoms upon my return to *London*, and the return of the winter. I am not in circumstances to live an idle country life; and no man, at my age, ever recovered of such a disease further than by an abatement of the symptoms. What I did, I can assure you, was not for life, but ease. For I am, at present, in the case of a man that was almost in harbour, and then blown back to sea; who has a reasonable hope of going to a good place, and an absolute certainty of leaving a very bad one. Not that I have any particular disgust at the world; for I have as great comfort in my own family, and from the kindness of my friends, as any man; but the world, in the main, displeaseth me; and I have too true a presentiment of calamities, that are like to befall my country. However, if I should have the happiness to see you before I die, you will find that I enjoy the comforts of life with my usual cheerfulness. I cannot imagine why you are frightened from a journey to *England*! the reasons you assign, I am sure, are not sufficient; the journey I am sure will do you good. In general I recommend riding, of which I have always had a good opinion, and can now confirm it from my own experience.

My family give you their love and service. The great loss I sustained in one of them, gave me my first shock; and the trouble I have with the rest, to bring them to a good temper, to bear the loss of a father, who loves them, and whom they love, is really a most sensible affliction to me. I am afraid, my dear friend, we shall never see one another more in this world. I shall, to the last moment *, preserve my love and esteem for you, being well assured you will never leave the paths of virtue and honour for all that is in the world. This world is not worth the least deviation from that way. It will be great pleasure to me to hear from you sometimes; for none can be with more sincerity than I am, my dear friend, your most faithful friend, and humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOTT.

L E T T E R CCCXXXVII.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

London, 7th Nov. 1734.

DON'T accuse me of forsaking you: indeed it is not the least in my thoughts; but I heard you were ill, and I had no letter from you, so doubted being troublesome. I was, about

* Dr. Arbuthnott died in *March, 1734-5.*

two months ago, at my own house, and had my duke and duchess * with me. The rest of my time was divided between lord president † and *Knole*. I have now left their graces in the country, where I hope they will not stay long; for she has been very ill, though now recovered.

I am always more frightful when my friends are sick there, because there is neither physic nor physician that's good for any thing. Indeed I cannot answer, whether your lord lieutenant will be the same or not. All that I can say is, that if he asks my consent for it, he shall not have it. I have no acquaintance with the duke of *Chandois*, nor I believe has the duke of *Dorset* much. And to be sure it would be to no purpose to ask him for those records ‡ again, be-

G 3

cause,

* Of *Dorset*.

† *Spencer* earl of *Wilmington*.

‡ These records were manuscripts relating to the history of *Ireland*, which had been collected by Sir *James Ware*, before, after, and during the troubles of 1641. When lord *Clarendon* was lord lieutenant, in 1686, he got these manuscripts from the heir of Sir *James*, and brought them into *England*. After lord *Clarendon*'s death, they were sold to the duke of *Chandois*. The catalogue of them was printed in 1697, in the large folio catalogue of all the libraries both in *England* and *Ireland*; and the Dean having read that account of them, was very desirous to procure them for public use. See a letter written by the
Dean

cause, if he would have parted with them, he would have done it on your asking. And whether it be useful or not just to him, yet few people would care to part with what must enhance the value of their libraries; but if he succeeds the duke of *Dorset*, then for certain he will be easily persuaded to make a compliment of them to the kingdom. Your friend Dr. *Arbuthnott*, I hear, is out of order again. I have not seen him lately, and I fear he is in a very declining way. 'Tis fancy it would be prodigiously good for your health to come to *England*, which would be a great pleasure to your most sincere old friend, and humble servant.

Dean to the duke of *Chandois*, soliciting his grace to present them to the public library at *Dublin*, in the volumes by published Mr. *Deane Swift*. ✓

L E T.

L E T T E R CCCXXXVIII.

Mr. J A R V I S * to Dr. S W I F T.

Hampton, Nov. the 24th, 1734.

Dear Mr. Dean,

YOU can hardly imagine how rejoiced I am at the finding my old friend the bishop of *Worcester* † so hale at 83-4 ! No complaint ; he does but begin to stoop, and I am forced myself, every now and then, to awaken myself to walk tolerably upright, famous as I was lately for a wight of uncommon vigour, and consequently spirits to spare. If ever I see *Dublin* again, and your *Teague* escapes hanging so long, I will myself truss him for non-admittance, when you were in a conversable condition. I am sure the lady will send you Mr. *Conolly's* ‡ picture with pleasure, when I tell her you expect it. Our friend *Pope* is off and on, here and there, every where and no where, *a son ordinaire*, and therefore as well as we

* A celebrated painter, and cotemporary with Sir *Godfrey Kneller*.

† Dr. *John Hough*, bishop of *Worcester*.

‡ Speaker of the house of commons, one of the lords justices, and a commissioner of the revenue in *Ireland*.

can hope, for a carcass so crazy. He assures me, he has done his duty in writing frequently to the Dean, because he is sure it gives you some amusement, as he is rejoiced at all your's; therefore you must write away. Upon enquiry, I learn, that exercise is the best medicine for your giddineffes. Penny made Mrs. *Pandarves* happy with a * print of yours, and I do not fail to distribute them to all your well-wishers, I am, dear Dean, your's most affectionately,

CH A. J A R V I S,

I held out bravely the three weeks fog, &c. and am very well.

L E T T E R CCCXXXIX.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

Feb. the 13th, 1734-5.

YOU are a fine gentleman indeed, to teach his grace of *Dorset* such saucy words; and we have quarrelled so much about it, that I don't know but I shall oblige him to meet me behind *Montague-house* †. He says, it is some time ago that he com-

* This print, a fine copper-plate, was taken from an original picture painted by Mr. *Jarvis*, by Mr. *Foudrinier*, an eminent engraver.

† Where duels were frequently fought.

manded

manded me to write to you, to assure you he thought himself very much obliged to you for your letter, and that he takes it as a proof of your friendship and good-will to him. So far I own is true; he did humbly beg the favour of me to write you this a great while ago; but I understood he had something else more to say, so I cannot but own I have seen him pretty often since; but yet (at the times I could speak to him) my addle head constantly forgot to ask him what he had to say? So now he says he will do his own business, and write to you soon himself.

The * countess has quitted the court, because, after a long illness at *Bath*, she did not meet with a reception that she liked; though her mistress appeared excessively concerned, and expressed great uneasiness at parting with her; and my opinion is, that not only her master and mistress †, but her very enemies will have reason to repent the part they have acted by her.

Now I have answered all I can tell you, that you want to know, I bid my dear Dean adieu.

* The countess of *Suffolk*.

† King *George II.* and his consort queen *Caroline*.

L E T T E R CCCXL.

The Earl of STRAFFORD*
to Dr. SWIFT.

S I R, *London, Feb. 18th, 1734-5.*

TO honour, and esteem, and admire you, is general to all that know or have heard of you; but to be pleased with your commands, and glad and diligent to obey them, is peculiar to your true friends, of which number I am very desirous to be reckoned. On receiving your letter by Mr. *Skerret*, I immediately undertook to do him the best service I could, and thought myself happy in having advanced his affair so far, as to get his petition to the house of lords read and agreed to, and a peremptory day agreed to for his being (as this day) heard *ex parte*, if the other party did not put in their answer before. I likewise got several lords to attend; but, on printing his case, our new lord chancellor † (who at present has a great party in the house) found out, that the petition I had presented for Mr.

* He had been ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the States General during the treaty for the peace of *Utrecht*.

† *Talbot*.

Skerret

Skerret had not fully explained matters to the house; because, upon comparing dates, the petition of appeal last year was presented late in the sessions; and that though there was then an order for the respondents to put in their answer in five weeks (the usual time for causes in *Ireland*) yet the parliament did not sit above a fortnight after; so that it was impossible for the respondent's answer to be put in by that time. That the parliament being dissolved, the respondents in *Ireland* might expect to have been served with a new order this session, which it did not appear was done: and that though in the courts below, if answers were not put in, they proceeded to hear causes *ex parte*; yet there was this difference, that there they always allowed a time for the defendant to have his cause reheard; but in the house of lords our decrees are final, and it would be hard for any, by surprize, to be absolutely cut out from making his defence. The whole house seeming to be of the same mind, they put off the cause to *Thursday* five weeks; and order the respondents, in the mean time, to be served with an order to put in their answer; and if they did not answer by that time, the house would proceed absolutely to hear the cause *ex parte*. I must own to you, the chancellor proposed to put it off only for a month; and it was I alone desired
it

it might be for five weeks, giving for a reason, that since the appellant was disappointed once, after having been at the expence of seeing his counsel, he might not be so a second time: and since his adversaries were ready to make all the chicane possible, they might not have the pretence for another, by saying, as the usual time was five weeks, and this order but for a month, they expected they were to be allowed the usual time; so I thought it was better giving them a week more, than leaving them any room for further chicane. As I have not seen your friend Mr. *Skerret* since this order, I do not know how he takes it: but I was resolved to give you this account of what happened but a few hours ago, that you might be convinced of my diligence to gratify you in every thing you desire of, Sir, your most sincere faithful humble servant.

As the house of commons were but yesterday on the practice of opening letters, you will not wonder, if I expect this to be opened.

L E T-

L E T T E R CCCXLI.

Lord C—— to Dr. S W I F T.

Jermyn-street, March 6th, 1734-5.

S I R,

I H A D the honour of your letter, and attended the cause yesterday, and the day before: it went for your friend upon the justest principle, and that unanimously. He did not only carry his cause before the house, but his future cause springing out of this, is mended by the decree. The chancellor said, the respondent had more reason to appeal than the appellant. Mr. *Lindsay*, who informed you right in all the matters you mentioned to me, will inform you, on perusing our decree, of the reason of the chancellor's expression. I have a partiality for captain *Rowley* in every thing but judicature; and in that capacity, if judge *Lindsay* and I sat together, I fancy by what I know of him, that we should seldom disagree.

I thank you for taking notice of the prosperous events that have happened to my family. If alliance and the thoughts of prosperity can bind a man to the interest of his country, I am certainly bound to stand
by

by liberty; and when you see me forgetful of that, may you treat me like * *Traulus* and *Pistorides*. I am impatient for four volumes said to be your works, for which my wife and I have subscribed; and we expected a dozen of copies from Mr. *Tickell* last packet.

I intend these works shall be the first foundation of the libraries of my three grandsons. In the mean time, they will be studied by my sons and sons-in-law.

I desire you will condescend to make my compliments to Dr. *Delany*, for whom I have a most hearty esteem, though I know he thinks me not serious enough upon certain arduous points of antiquity.

SIR,

That you may enjoy the continuance of all happiness, is my wish: as for futurity, I know your name will be remembered, when the names of kings, lords lieutenants, archbishops, and parliament politicians, will be forgotten; at last, you yourself must fall into oblivion, which may happen in less than a thousand years, though the term may be uncertain, and will depend on the progress that barbarity and ignorance may make, notwithstanding the sedulous endeavours to

* *Joshua*, lord *Allen*, a privy counsellor, and *Richard Tighe*, esq;

the

the contrary, of the great prelates in this and succeeding ages. My wife, my mother, my mother-in-law, my, &c. &c. &c. all join with me in good wishes to you; and, I hope, you will continue to believe, that I am with the greatest respect, Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant.

L E T T E R CCCXLII.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, Esq;
to Dr. SWIFT.

London, March 11th, 1734-5.

Dear Sir,

I HAVE often desired our friend *Pope*, when he wrote to you, to allow me a corner of his letter, to assure you of my most humble service; but the little man never remembered it, and it was not worth troubling you with a letter of my own on so insignificant an occasion.

Your recommending Mr. *Lorinan* to me, gives me great pleasure and satisfaction, as it is an instance of your kind remembrance and friendship. I promise you, whoever at any time comes to me from you, shall be sure of meeting with the utmost of my endeavours to serve them. I am glad I can acquaint
you,

you, Mr. *Lorinan* has all the success he could expect or wish for: his cause was a good one, and he had the honour of having it greatly attended. When it was over, he asked me, (but in a very modest way) whether it was possible to get him made receiver of the new bishop of *Derry's* rents? I told him, I would try; I did so, but found it would not succeed, and so dropped it immediately.

What do you say to the bustle made here to prevent the * man from being an *English* bishop, and afterwards allowing him to be a good Christian enough for an *Irish* one? Sure, the opposition, or the acquiescence, must have been most abominably scandalous. By what I can learn of Dr. *Rundle's* character, (for I am not in the least acquainted with him myself) he is far from being the great and learned man his friends would have the world believe him; and much far-

* Dr. *Thomas Rundle* was promoted to the rich see of *Derry* in *Ireland*, in *February*, 1734-5, after being prevented from getting the see of *Gloucester*, in *England*, which had been intended for him in *November*, 1734; but he was then, as is said, charged with *Arianism*, and also, with denying the truth of *Abraham's* offering up his son. The dispute concerning his promotion to the see of *Gloucester*, was between the chancellor and the bishop of *London*: the chancellor was his friend, and the bishop and Sir *Robert Walpole* his enemies.

ther yet, from the bad man his enemies represent him. Our right reverend brethren continue to dwell together in the strictest political unity; whether it be like the dew of *Hermon* upon the hill of *Sion*, or like the ointment that ran down into *Aaron's* beard, and to the skirts of his cloathing, I cannot say; but I am sure, it is a good joyful thing for the ministers to behold. This has enabled them to prevent any enquiry into the scandalous method of *nominating*, instead of *electing* the sixteen *Scotch* peers: and these, and they together, make a most dreadful body in that house. We are not quite so bad in our's; but I own to you, that I am heartily tired of struggling to no purpose against the corruption that does prevail, and, I see, always will prevail there. Poor *Arbuthnott*, who grieved to see the wickedness of mankind, and was particularly esteemed of his own countrymen*, is dead. He lived the last six months in a bad state of health, and hoping every night would be his last; not that he endured any bodily pain, but as he was quite weary of the world, and tired with so much bad company†. What I

H

have

* He was a native of *Scotland*.

† This, admitting the fact, is very remarkable of a man of *Arbuthnott's* turn; a man of humour, whose mind seemed to be always pregnant with comic ideas,
and

have said of the doctor may perhaps deter you from coming among us ; but if you had any thoughts of visiting *England* this summer, I can assure you of some friends, who wish to live with you, and know how to value and esteem you. Among them, there is none that does so, more sincerely than, dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM PULTENEY.

Mrs. *Pulteney* is very much your humble servant, and joins in inviting you here next summer.

and turned chiefly, if not only, to that which is ridiculous, even in vice itself. That to such a man, to whose fancy almost every character, and every event furnished a comedy, death should be welcome because life was insipid, is a melancholy and striking proof, that *even in laughter the heart is sorrowful*; or, that those who are best qualified to make others merry, are not always merry themselves; that their mirth is not an effusion of hilarity that overflows their own breasts, but often the mere effect of a painful effort, exerted chiefly for the gratification of vanity, the sad concomitant of vexation of spirit. See the doctor's own account of himself, which seems not perfectly to agree with what is here said of him in his letter, dated Oct. 4th, 1734.

L E T-

L E T T E R CCCXLIII.

Lady B----- G----- to Dr. S W I F T.

April the 5th, 1735.

PART the first, you order me to give up my secretaryship; and part the second, called postscript, you employ me about Dr. *Sheridan's* exchange, when the letters for it must have been at *Dublin* long before your's came away. I was just thinking, that you was a little upon the dear joy; but to be sure, you were in the right, for what signified my secretaryship when I had no business?

The countess of *Suffolk* did not give up the first employment at court, for she had no other than mistress of the robes, being 400*l.* a year, which the duchess of *Dorset* quitted to her, there being no lady of the bed-chamber's place vacant, and it not being quite proper for a countess to continue bed-chamber-woman. As to her part about *Gay*, that I cleared to you long ago: for, to my certain knowledge, no woman was ever a better friend than she by many ways proved herself to him. As to what you hint about yourself, as I am wholly ignorant what it is you mean, I can say nothing upon it. And

as to the question, Whether you should congratulate or condole? I believe, you may do either, or both, and not be in the wrong: for I truly think she was heartily sorry, to be obliged, by ill usage, to quit a master and mistress that she had served so justly, and loved so well. However, she has now much more ease and liberty, and accordingly her health better.

Mrs. *Floyd* has a cough every winter, and generally so bad, that she often frightens me for the consequences. My saucy niece * presents her service to parson *Swift*. The duchess of *Dorset* is gone to *Bath* with lady *Lambert*, for her health; she has not been long enough there yet to find the good effects of the waters: but as they always did agree with her, I have great hopes they will now quite cure her cholic.

In all likelihood, you are weary by this time of reading, and I am of writing such a long letter; so adieu, my dear Dean.

* ' *Mary*, eldest daughter, and one of the coheirs of *Thomas Chambers* of *Hanworth*, in *Middlesex*, esq; by lady *Mary Berkeley*, sister to earl *Berkeley* and to lady *B—— G——*. She married in *April 1736*, lord *Vere Beauclerc*, now lord *Vere*.'

L E T T E R CCCXLIV.

The Archbishop of CASHELL
to Dr. S W I F T.

Dear Sir, *Cashell, April 7th, 1735.*

I Suppose by this time you have been informed, that Mr. * *Dunkin* was ordained here last *Thursday*, and that your recommendations got the better of my prejudices to his unhappy genius; which, I hope, will in some degree convince you, that your power over me is not yet quite worn out.

It is one of the greatest evils that attends those whom fortune has forsaken, that their friends forsake them too: and let me tell you, that your not seeing me the whole winter I was last in *Dublin*, was not a less mortification to me, than all the hard sayings of the great parliament orators. However, I must own your taking any occasion to write to me at all, has made some amends; for though you seem designedly to cover it, I think, I perceive some little marks of that former kindness, which I once pleased myself to have had a share in

* The reverend Mr. *Dunkin*, the author of several poetical pieces that have been well received.

with your lawyer-friends*. When I conversed with politicians, I learned, that it was not prudent to seem fond of what one most desires: for which reason, I won't tell you, that if this accident of your poetical friend should open a way to our frequent meeting together again, and being put upon the old foot, as when I was your subject † at *St. Patrick's*, I should think myself the happiest man in the world; but this I will say, that if it falls out so, this last heavy period of my life will be much more tolerable than it is at present.

I am now wholly employed in digging up rocks, and making the way easier to my ‡ church; which, if I can succeed in, I design to repair a very venerable old fabric, that was built here in the time of our ignorant (as we are pleased to call them) ancestors. I wish this age had a little of their piety, though we gave up, instead of it, some of our immense erudition. What if you spent a fortnight here this summer? I have laid aside all my country politics, sheriffs, elections, feasts, &c. And I fancy, it would not be disagreeable to you, to see king *Cormack's*

* Lord chief justice *Singleton* and judge *Lindsay*.

† Dr. *Theophilus Bolton*, was rector of *St. Werburgh's* and chancellor of the cathedral of *St. Patrick's, Dublin*.

‡ The fine old cathedral at *Cashell*.

chapel, his bed-chamber, &c. all built, beyond controversy, above eight hundred years ago, when he was king, as well as archbishop. I really intend to lay out a thousand pounds to preserve this old church; and I am sure, you would be of service to posterity, if you assisted me in the doing it; at least, if you approved the design, you would give the greatest pleasure, I assure you, to your most affectionate and faithful humble servant,

THEO. CASHELL,

L E T T E R CCCXLV.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, Esq;
to Dr. S W I F T.

SIR, *London, April the 29th, 1735.*

I AM obliged to you for your letter by Dr. *Stopford*; to which I am sorry I can so soon, by him, return you an answer. I have scarce had any opportunity of seeing him. One day, believing we should have had no business in parliament, I desired him to dine with me; but unluckily a debate arose, which kept us 'till nine at night before we sat down to dinner. We have had a very fatiguing session, more from the severe attendance on elections, than any other public business. The ministers have been de-

feated in their expectation of weeding the house; and upon the whole, we stand stronger in numbers than we did at first setting out. I have sent you the copy of a bill, now depending in our house, for the encouragement of learning*, (as the title bears) but I think, it is rather of advantage to book-sellers than authors. Whether it will pass or not this session, I cannot say; but if it should not, I should be glad of your thoughts upon it against another session. It seems to me to be extremely imperfect at present. I hope you have many more writings to oblige the world with, than those which have been so scandalously stolen from you. And when a bill of this nature passes in *England* (as I hope it will next year) you may then secure the property to any friend, or any charitable use you think fit.

I thank you for the many kind expressions of friendship in your letter. If my public conduct has recommended me to your esteem, I am extremely proud of the reward, and value it more than those do, who attain foolish ribbons, or foolish titles, *vilia servitutis premia*†. Pray therefore continue

* ' The title of it was, *An Act for the better Encouragement of Learning.*

† This was before he attained the title of earl of Bath.

me your friendship, and believe me, with
the greatest sincerity and regard, dear Sir,
your most humble and obedient servant,

W. PULTENEY.

Lord *Bolingbroke* is going to *France* with
lord *Berkeley*; but I believe, will return a-
gain in a few months.

I will take a proper opportunity of recom-
mending Dr. *Stopford* to the duke of *Dor-*
set; but I think it is not yet quite certain,
that he will continue lord lieutenant. I
mean, that if he perceives, that he is to be
turned out soon after his return from *Ire-*
land, possibly he may desire not to go.

LETTER CCCXLVI.

Dr. SWIFT to Lady B—— G——.

MADAM,

May 5th, 1735.

I FIND your ladyship seems not very
much pleased with your office of secre-
tary; which, however, you must be obliged
to hold during the duke's government, if I
happen to outlive it, which for your comfort,
considering my health, is not very likely. I
have not been a troublesome petitioner to his
grace, and intend to be less; and, as I have
always done, will principally consider my
lord

lord duke's honour. I have very few friends in want. I have kindred enough, but not a grain of merit among them, except one female, * who is the only cousin I suffer to see me. When I had credit for some years at court, I provided for above fifty people in both kingdoms, of which, not one was a relation. I have neither followers nor fosterers, nor dependers; so that if I lived now among the great, they might be sure I would never be a solicitor, out of any regard but merit and virtue; and in that case, I would reckon I was doing them the best service in my power: and if they were good for any thing, I would expect their thanks; for they want nothing so much as an honest judicious recommender, which, in perfect modesty, I take myself to be. Dr. *Sheridan* is gone to his school in the country, and was only delayed so long on account of some very unnecessary forms, contrived by his grace's most cautious deputies.

My letter is but just begun; the larger half remains; and your ladyship is to make a fresh use of your secretary employment. The countess of *Kerry*, my long friend and mistress, commanded me to attend her yesterday: she told me, that Mr. *Deering*, late deputy clerk of the council, being dead, she

* Mrs. *Whiteway*.

had thoughts of soliciting the same office for her younger son, Mr. *John Fitzmaurice*. Her eldest son, lord *Fitzmaurice*, hath for some years been plagued with a wife and no wife*. The case hath been tried in both kingdoms, and he stands excommunicated and forced to live abroad, which is a very great misfortune to the earl of *Kerry* and his lady; and they have nothing left to comfort them but their younger son, who hath lately married honestly and indisputably. He is a young gentleman of great regularity, very well educated, but hath no employment; therefore his parents would be very desirous he should have one, and this, of deputy clerk of the council here, would be a very proper introduction to business. It is understood here that the purchase of the deputy clerk's office is the usual perquisite of the chief clerk, with the consent of the chief

* When the woman died, who claimed a marriage with this young nobleman, he married lady *Gertrude Lambert*, eldest daughter to *Richard* earl of *Cavan*, 29th June, 1738, by whom he had the present earl of *Kerry*. The honourable *John Fitzmaurice*, here recommended by Dr. *Swift* for small employments, afterwards succeeded his uncle, *Henry* earl of *Shelburn*, in immense estates, both real and personal, in *England* and *Ireland*, and was afterwards created earl of *Shelburn* in *Ireland* in 1753, and baron *Wycombe* of *Chypping-Wycombe* in *England* in 1760. The present earl of *Shelburn* is his son.

governor,

governor, with which, my lord and lady *Kerry* would very readily and thankfully fall in. And as the earl of *Kerry* is one of the most antient and noble families of the kingdom, his younger son might well pretend to succeed in so small an office, upon an equal foot with any other person. I own this proposal of mine is more suitable to the corruption of the times, than to my own speculative notions of virtue; but I must give some allowance to the degeneracy of mankind, and the passion I have to my lady *Kerry*, &c.

L E T T E R CCCXLVII.

The Archbishop of CASHELL to
Dr. S W I F T.

Dear Sir, *Cashell, May the 5th, 1735.*

I HAVE been so unfortunate in all my contests of late, that I am resolved to have no more, especially where I am like to be over-matched: and as I have some reason to hope what is past will be forgotten, I confess, I did endeavour in my last to put the best colour I could think of upon a very bad cause. My friends judge right of my idleness, but in reality, it has hitherto proceeded from a hurry and confusion, arising from

from a thousand unlucky unforeseen accidents, rather than mere sloth.

I have but one troublesome affair now upon my hands, which by the help of the prime serjeant I hope soon to get rid of; and then you shall see me a true *Irish* bishop. Sir *James Ware* has made a very useful collection of the memorable actions of all my predecessors. He tells us, they were born in such a town of *England* or *Ireland*; were consecrated such a year, and if not translated, were buried in their cathedral church, either on the north or south side. From whence I conclude, that a good bishop has nothing more to do than to eat, drink, grow fat, rich, and die; which laudable example, I propose for the remainder of my life to follow, for to tell you the truth, I have for these four or five years past met with so much treachery, baseness, and ingratitude, among mankind, that I can hardly think it incumbent upon any man to endeavour to do good to preserve a generation.

I am truly concerned at the account you give me of your health. Without doubt a southern ramble will prove the best remedy you can take to recover your flesh; and I don't know, except in one stage, where you can chuse a road so suited to your circumstances, as from *Dublin* hither. You have to *Kilkenny* a turnpike and good inns, at
every

every ten or twelve miles end. From *Kilkenny* hither is twenty long miles, bad road, and no inn at all: but, I have an expedient for you. At the foot of a very high hill, just midway, there lives in a neat thatch cabin, a parson, who is not poor; his wife is allowed to be the best little woman in the world. His chickens are the fattest, and his ale the best in all the country. Besides, the parson has a little cellar of his own, of which he keeps the key, where he always has a hogshhead of the best wine that can be got, in bottles well corked, upon their side; and he cleans, and pulls out the cork better, I think, than *Robin*. Here I design to meet you with a coach: if you be tired, you shall stay all night; if not, after dinner, we will set out about four, and be at *Cashell* by nine; and, by going through fields and by-ways, which the parson will shew us, we shall escape all the rocky and stony roads that lie between this place and that. I hope you will be so kind as to let me know a post or two before you set out, the very day you will be at *Kilkenny*, that I may have all things prepared for you. It may be, if you ask him, *Cope* will come: he will do nothing for me. Therefore, depending upon your positive promise, I shall add no more arguments to persuade you. And am, with the greatest

(III)

greatest truth, your most faithful and obedient humble servant,

THEO. CASHELL.

L E T T E R CCCXLVIII.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

London, July the 12th, 1735.

I HAVE not answered your's of the 15th of *June* so soon as I should; but the duke of *Dorset* had answered all your's e'er your letter came to my hands. So I hope all causes of complaint are at an end, and that he has shewed himself, as he is, much your friend and humble servant, tho' he wears a garter, and had his original from *Normandy*, if herald's don't lie, or his grannums did not play false; and whilst he is lord lieutenant (which I heartily wish may not be much longer) I dare say will be very glad of any opportunity to do what you recommend to him. Thus far will I answer for his grace, though he is now in the country, and cannot subscribe to it himself.

Now to quite another affair. The countess of *Suffolk* (whom you know I have long had a great esteem and value for) has been so good and gracious as to take my brother *George Berkeley* for better, for worse; though

though I hope in God the last will not happen, because I think he is an honest good-natured man. The town is surprized; and the town talks, as the town loves to do, upon these ordinary extraordinary occasions. She is indeed four or five years older than he, and no more; but for all that, he hath appeared to all the world, as well as me, to have long had (that is, ever since she hath been a widow, so pray don't mistake me) a most violent passion for her, as well as esteem and value for her numberless good qualities. These things well considered, I do not think they have above ten to one against their being very happy, and if they should not be so, I shall heartily wish him hanged, because I am sure it will be wholly his fault. As to her fortune, though she has been twenty years a court favourite, yet I doubt she has been too disinterested to enlarge it, as others would have done. And Sir *Robert* *, her greatest enemy, does not tax her with getting quite forty thousand pounds. I wish—but fear it is not near that sum. But what she has, she never told me, nor have I ever asked; but whatever it is, they must live accordingly; and he had of his own wherewithal to live by himself easily and genteelly. In this hurry of matrimony I had like to forget to

* *Walpole*, afterwards earl of *Oxford*.

answer that part of your letter, where you say, you never heard of our being in print together. I believe it was about twenty years ago, Mr. *Curll* set forth letters amorous, satirical, and gallant, between Dr. *Swift*, lady *Mary Chamber*, lady *Betty Germain*, and Mrs. *Anne Long*, and several other persons. I am afraid some of my people used them according to their desert; for they have not appeared above ground this great while. And now to the addition of writing the brave large hand you make me do for you, I have bruised my fingers prodigiously, and can say no more but adieu.

L E T T E R CCCXLIX.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. S W I F T.

Sept. 4th, 1735.

IF you are not angry with me for my long silence, I take it ill, and need make no excuse; and if you are angry, then I would not willingly make you sorry too, which I know you will be, when I tell you, that I was laid up at *Knowle* with a severe fit of the gout. And since that infallible cure for all diseases, which all great fools and talkers wish joy of, I have never been quite well, but have had continually some disorder or other,

which made my head and spirits unfit for writing or indeed doing any thing I should. I am still so much out of order, that I am under great apprehensions I shall not be able to go, next year, part of the journey to *Ireland* with their graces; which is also part of the road to *Drayton*, where I intend to stay 'till *November*, in hopes that summer deferred it's coming 'till I was there; for I am sure, hitherto, we have had little but winter weather.

I am glad matters are settled between his grace of *Dorset* and you; and I dare answer, as you are both right thinkers, and of course upright actors, there wants but little explanation between you; since I, that am the go-between, can easily find out, that he has as sincere a value for you, as you have for him. I do assure you I am extremely delighted, that since lady *Suffolk* would take a master (commonly called a husband) she chose my brother *George*; for if I am not partial to him, which indeed I don't know that I am, his sincere value, love, and esteem for her, must make him a good man.

We are now full of expectation of his royal highness's * wedding. Her highness's jewels are bought, and her cloaths bespoke; and a gallery of communication is making

* *Frederick*, then prince of *Wales*.

between

between his apartment and *St. James's*; but as I do not love to pry into mysteries of state, I don't at all know when the lady will come over. Your friend Mrs. *Floyd* is grown fat and well under the duchess of *Dorset's* care and direction at *Knowle*. Our friend *Curll* has again reprinted what he called our letters, as a proper third part of Mr. *Pope's*. He should have made those silly bitter verses on me to have been his too, instead of Sir *William Trumbal's*, whom they just as much belonged to. But you patriots are so much afraid of suppressing the press, that every body must suffer under that, and the lyes of the news-papers, without hopes of redress. Adieu, my dear Dean.

L E T T E R CCCL.

Lady B — G — to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Nov. the 13th, 1735.

I Honestly confess I was honoured with your's above a month ago, which ought in all love and reason to have been answered above a month since; but I know your fau-
ciness, as well as you know my niece's; with this difference, that as age is to mend her's, it makes your's grow worse; and the answer to me had been, — Oh! she can give a quick

reply to mine: now the duke and duchess are here, she wants to know more frequently how and what they do?

I can tell you no story of the ring (which you want to know) but that it came to my hands through proper windings and turnings from an earl of *Peterborow*; and the connoisseurs say, it is an antique, and a pretty good one. I am very well pleased and happy, if it ever serves to put you in mind that I am your humble servant.

I came last week from my house in *Northamptonshire*. I cannot say the weather permitted me much exercise abroad; but as that house is large, the necessary steps the mistress must make, is some; and I never lost any time I could get to walk out, and sometimes drove abroad in a chair, with one horse; for being a bad rider, I approve much more of that than mounting my palfrey. And whether it was this, or the country air, or chance, I know not; but, thank God, I am at present as well as ever I was in my life.

I am wholly ignorant who is or will be bishop of *Corke*; for his grace is such a silly conceited man, that he never vouchsafes to consult me in the affairs of his kingdom. I only know that I wish heartily for Dr. *Whetcombe**, because he seems to be a modest good
fort

* *John Whetcombe*, D. D. then fellow of *Dublin college*,

fort of a man; and if I was his grace, since there can be no objection against him in this, he should have it. But as these matters are above my capacity, I do assure you I do not in the least pretend to meddle with them.

I hope, whenever you ask me about the countess and *George*, I shall be able to answer you, as I can safely do now, that as yet there is no sort of appearance that they like one another the worse for wearing. Mrs. *Composition** is much your humble servant, and has not yet got her winter cough. God bless you, and adieu.

L E T T E R CCCLI.

Dr. SWIFT to the Duke of DORSET.

My Lord,

December 30th, 1735.

YOUR grace fairly owes me one hundred and ten pounds a year in the church, which I thus prove. I desired you would bestow a preferment of one hundred and fifty pounds a year to a certain clergyman. Your answer was, that I asked mo-

lege, made bishop of *Clonsfert* in *Ireland*, 24th *December*, 1735, and consecrated 4th *January* following. He was afterwards translated to the archbishopric of *Cashell*, and died in 1754.

* Mrs. *Biddy Floyd*.

deftly; that you would not promife, but you would grant my request. However, for want of good intelligence in being (after a cant word ufed here) an expert king-fifher, that clergyman took up with forty pounds a year; and I fhall never trouble your grace any more in his behalf. Now by plain arithmetic it follows, that one hundred and ten pounds remains: and this arrear I have affigned to one Mr. *John Jackson*, who is vicar of *Santry*, and hath a fmall eftate, with two fons, and as many daughters, all grown up. He hath lain fome years as a weight upon me, which I voluntarily took up, on account of his virtue, piety, and good fenfe, and modetty almoft to a fault. Your grace is now difpofing of the *debris* * of two bifhoprics, among which is the deanry of *Ferns*, worth between eighty and one hundred pounds a year, which will make this gentleman eafier, who, befides his other good qualities, is as loyal as you could wifh.

I cannot but think, that your grace, to whom God hath given every amiable quality, is bound, when you have fatisfied all the expectations of thofe who have power in your club †, to do fomething at the request of others, who love you on your own account,

* The fhattered remains.

† The parliament of *Ireland*.

without

without expecting any thing for themselves. I have ventured once or twice to drop hints in favour of some very deserving gentlemen, who I was assured had been recommended to you by persons of weight; but I easily found by your general answers, that although I have been an old courtier, you knew how to silence me, by diverting the discourse, which made me reflect that courtiers resemble gamesters, the latter finding no arts unknown to the older; and one of them assured me, that he has lost fourteen thousand pounds since he left off play, merely by dabbling with those who had contrived new refinements.

My lord, I will, as a divine, quote scripture: Although the childrens meat should not be given to dogs, yet the dogs eat the scraps that fall from the childrens table. This is the second request I have ever made your grace directly. Mr. *Jackson* is condemned to live on his own small estate, part whereof is in his parish about four miles from hence, where he hath built a family house, more expensive than he intended. He is a clergyman of long standing, and of a most unblemished character; but the misfortune is, he hath not one enemy to whom I might appeal for the truth of what I say.

Pray, my lord, be not alarmed at the word deanry, nor imagine it a dignity like those

we have in *England*; for, except three or four, the rest have little power, rather none as a dean and chapter, and seldom any land at all. It is usually a living consisting of one or more parishes, some very poor, and others better endowed; but all in tythes.

Mr. *Jackson* cannot leave his present situation, and only desires some very moderate addition. My lord, I do not deceive your grace, when I say, you will oblige great numbers even of those who are most at your devotion, by conferring this favour, or any other, that will answer the same end. *Multa—veniet manus auxilio quæ—Sit mihi; (nam multo glures sumus) ac veluti te—Judæi cogemus in hanc concedere turbam.*

I would have waited on your grace, and taken the privilege of my usual thirteen minutes, if I had not been prevented by my old disorder in my head; for which I have been forced to confine myself to the precepts of my physicians.

L E T-

LETTER CCCLII.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

February the 10th, 1735-6.

I AM sorry to hear your complaints still of giddiness. I was in hopes you would have mended, like my purblind eyes, with old age. According to the custom of all old women, I must recommend to you a medicine, which is certainly a very innocent one, and they say does great good to that distemper, which is only wearing oil-cloth the breadth of your feet, and next to your skin. I have often found it do me good for the head-ach.

I don't know what offences the duke of *Dorset's* club, as you call them, commit in your eyes; but, to my apprehension, the parliament cannot but behave well, since they let him have such a quiet session. And as to all sorts of politics, they are now my utter aversion, and I will leave them to be discussed by those who have a better skill in them.

If my niece has been humbled by being nine years older, her late inherited great fortune will beautify her in the eyes of a great many people; so she may grow proud again upon that. The countess of *Suffolk* is your
humble

humble servant. Mr. *Pope* and she appear to have a true value for one another, so I suppose there is no doubt of it; I will answer for my friend's sincerity, and I do not question Mr. *Pope's*. Why, pray, do you fancy I don't desire to cultivate Mr. *Pope's* acquaintance? But perhaps, if I seek it too much, I might meet with a rebuff, as you say her M. did. However, we do often dine together at third places; and, as to my own house, though he would be extremely welcome, he has too numerous friends and acquaintance already to spare me a day, unless you will come to *England*, and then he might be induced to meet you here. Mrs. *Biddy Floyd* has passed thus far of the winter in better health than usual, though her cough will not forsake her. She is much your humble servant, and so is most sincerely your old friend, B—— G——.

L E T T E R CCCLIII.

Mrs. PANDARVES to Dr. SWIFT.

Brook-street, London, April 22d, 1736.

S I R,

I AM sorry you make use of so many good arguments for not coming to *Bath*.
I was

I was in hopes, you might be prevailed with. And though one of my strongest reasons for wishing you there was the desire I had of seeing you, I assure you the consideration of your health took place of it. I left *Bath* last *Sunday* sev'nnight, very full and gay. I think *Bath* a more comfortable place to live in than *London*; all the entertainments of the place lie in a small compass, and you are at your liberty to partake of them, or let them alone, just as it suits your humour. This town is grown to such an enormous size, that above half the day must be spent in the streets, going from one place to another. I like it every year less and less.

When I went out of town last autumn, the reigning madness was *Farinelli* *; I find it now turned on *Pasquin*, a dramatic satire on the times †. It has had almost as long a run as the *Beggar's Opera*; but, in my opinion, not with equal merit, though it has humour. Monstrous preparations are making

* A celebrated *Italian* singer.

† This was written by the late *Henry Fielding*, and was a rehearsal of a comedy and a tragedy; the comedy was called *The Election*, and the tragedy, *The Life and Death of Queen Common-Sense*. This and some other dramatic satires, by the same author, levelled against the administration of the late lord *Orford*, produced an act of parliament for licensing the stage, and limiting the number of play-houses, which was passed in 1737.

for

for the royal wedding*. Pearl, gold and silver, embroidered on gold and silver tissues. I am too poor and too dull to make one among the fine multitude. The news-papers say, my lord *Carteret's* youngest daughter is to have the duke of *Bedford*†. I hear nothing of it from the family; but think it not unlikely. The duke of *Marlborough* and his grandmother are upon bad terms. The duke of *B——*, who has been ill treated by her, has offered the duke of *M——* to supply him with ten thousand pounds a year, if he will go to law and torment the old dowager. The duke of *Chandois's* marriage has made a great noise; and the poor duchess is often reproached with her being bred up in *Bury-street, Wapping*‡.

Mrs. *Donnellan*, I am afraid, is so well treated in *Ireland*, that I must despair of seeing her here. She is so good to me in her letters, as always to mention you.

I hope I shall hear from you soon: you owe me that pleasure, for the concern I was under when I heard you were ill. I am, Sir, your faithful, and obliged humble servant,
M. PANDARVES.

* Of *Frederick*, prince of *Wales*.

† His grace married Miss *Gower*, daughter of the lord *Gower* by his first wife, on the 1st of *April*, 1737.

‡ She was lady *Daval*, widow of Sir *Thomas Daval*, and had a fortune of 40,000*l*.

I beg my compliments to all friends that remember me, but particularly to Dr. *Delany*.

L E T T E R CCCLIV.

Lady B----- G----- to Dr. S W I F T.

June 23d, 1736.

I THOUGHT to begin with begging pardon for not answering your's of the 1st of *May*, before I thank you for that of the 15th of *June*: but I don't question the newspapers having informed you of the great loss I have had in my brother *Henry Berkeley*.

* * * * *

She that you call my faucy niece, has bestowed her very great fortune, (much more than you mention) on lord *Vere Beauclerk*, and had my approbation of her own choice, for I think him a very deserving gentleman; and all that know him give him a great character. I am now with them in the country; but shall go, in about a fortnight, to *Knowle*; and, when I am there, will certainly obey your commands to the duke of *Dorset*. My brother *George* and lady *Suffolk* are gone to *France*, to make a visit to lord *Berkeley*; which

which I am glad of as I hope it will induce her to go to *Spaw* and *Aix-la-Chapelle* for her health, which I truly believe is all she wants to make her easy and happy; or else my brother *George* is not the honest good-natured man I really take him to be; and she dissembles well if she is not so happy as she makes me believe, and I heartily wish her.

You order me to write long letters; but you may see by the nothingness of this, I am yet more unfit than ever to observe your orders, though in all things, and at all times,
Your most sincere and truly humble servant,
B. G.

L E T T E R CCCLV.

Mr. DONNELLAN to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR,

Cork, July 2d, 1736.

I HAD the favour of your commands in relation to Mr. * *Dunkin*; and, in pursuance of them, have wrote to two of my friends,

* A female relation of Mr. *Dunkin* had bequeathed an estate in land, for ever, to the college and fellows of *Trinity-College, Dublin*, upon condition that they should take care of his education, and afterwards assist to advance him in the world. The college, in consequence of this request, allowed him, at this time, an annuity, which he was now soliciting to get increased
to

friends, among the senior fellows, and recommended his petition, and your request, in the best and strongest manner I was able. I am, upon many accounts, obliged to execute whatever orders you are pleased to give me, with the greatest readiness and cheerfulness possible: which, I assure you, I do on this occasion, and shall think myself very happy if I can any way promote the success of an affair which you wish well to. I hope all difficulties will be got over, by your appearance in his favour, and that your request will have all that weight with the college that it ought. I reminded my friends (though I hope they had not forgot it) of the considerable services you have done their house at different times, and let them know how much their compliance in this point would oblige you. After this, I think they must be very beasts, if they do not shew their gratitude, when they have so fair an opportunity; and idiots if they neglect purchasing the Dean's favour at so cheap a rate.

Though I am come among a people that I think you are not very fond of, yet, this I must say in their favour, that they are not

to fool. He succeeded in his application; and the earl of *Chesterfield*, when he had the government of *Ireland*, in the year 1746, gave him the school of *Enniskilling*, which is very richly endowed, and was founded by king *Charles I.*

fuch

such brutes as to be insensible of the Dean's merit. Ever since we came down, this town and country rung of your praises, for opposing the reduction of the coin; and they look upon the stop that is likely to be put to that affair, as a second deliverance they owe you.

I hope the late fine weather has contributed to the recovery of your health: I am sure it is what we all have reason to desire the continuance of; and, what I beg you will believe, no one more truly and sincerely wishes, with all other happiness, than, Sir, your most obedient and obliged humble servant,

CHR. DONNELLAN.

L E T T E R CCCLVI.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. S W I F T.

July the 11th, 1736.

SINCE, it seems, my letters are not for your own perusal, but kept for a female cousin, to her this ought to be addressed; only that I am not yet in spirits to joke. I did not do so ill by your request, as you apprehended by my letter, for I spoke to the duke much sooner than I told you I should, and did so as soon as it was possible for me, or as soon as I could have sent it. The answer was, that he had that moment received a
letter

letter from lord *Orrery*, with the most pressing instances for a deserving friend of his : that the duke could not refuse him ; especially as my lord *Orrery* had been most extremely obliging, and, for this whole session, neglected no opportunity to endeavour to make his administration easy. Though, at the same time, he assured me, he would otherwise have been very glad to oblige you ; and does agree, that the gentleman you recommended is very deserving. All this you should have known before, had I been able to write ; but I have been laid up with the gout in my hand and foot, and thought it not necessary to make use of a secretary, since I had nothing more pleasing to tell you. I shall always be extreme willing to be employed by you to him ; nor do I make any question but you will always recommend the worthy, as it is for your own honour as well as his. I will not agree, that you never did prevail, *on any one occasion* ; because, the very first you did employ me about, was instantly complied with, though against a rule he thought right, and, I knew before, he had set himself.

Lady *Suffolk* is now at *Spaw*, with my brother *George*, for her health ; and, as I shall go, for my own, to the *Bath*, in *September*, I fear we shall not meet this great while. And now I must finish this long

letter, which has not been quite easy to write, being still your gouty, but faithful humble servant.

L E T T E R CCCLVII.

Mrs. PANDARVES to Dr. SWIFT.

Brook-street, September the 2d, 1736.

SIR,

I NEVER will accept of the writ of ease you threaten me with; don't flatter yourself with any such hopes: I receive too many advantages from your letters to drop a correspondence of such consequence to me. I am really grieved that you are so much persecuted with a giddiness in your head: the *Bath* and travelling would certainly be of use to you. Your want of spirits is a new complaint, and what will not only afflict your particular friends, but every one that has the happiness of your acquaintance. I am uneasy to know how you do, and have no other means for that satisfaction, but from your own hand, most of my *Dublin* correspondents being removed to *Corke*, to *Wicklow Mountains*, and the lord knows where. I should have made this enquiry sooner, but that I have this summer undertaken a work that has given me full employment,

ployment, which is making a grotto in Sir *John Stanley's* garden at *North End*: it is chiefly composed of shells I had from *Ireland*. My life for two months past has been very like a hermit's; I have had all the comforts of life but society, and have found living quite alone a pleasanter thing than I imagined. The hours I could spend in reading have been entertained by *Rollin's* History of the Ancients in *French*. I am very well pleased with it; and think your *Annibals*, *Scipios*, and *Cyrus's*, prettier fellows than are to be met with now-a-days. Painting and music have had their share in my amusements. I rose between five and six, and went to bed at eleven. I would not tell you so much about myself, if I had any thing to tell you of other people. I came to town the night before last; and if it does not, a few days hence, appear better to me than at present, I shall return to my solitary cell. Sir *John Stanley* has been all the summer at *Tunbridge*.

I suppose you may have heard of Mr. *Pope's* accident; which had like to have proved a very fatal one. He was leading a young lady into a boat, from his own stairs, her foot missed the side of the boat, she fell into the water, and pulled Mr. *Pope* after her; the boat slipped away, and they were immediately out of their depth, and it

was with some difficulty they were saved. The young lady's name is *Talbot* : she is as remarkable for being a handsome woman as Mr. *Pope* is for wit. I think I cannot give you a higher notion of her beauty, unless I had named you instead of him. I shall be impatient 'till I hear from you again; being with great sincerity, your most faithful humble servant,
M. PANDARVES.

P. S. I forgot to answer, on the other side, that part of your letter that concerns my sister. I do not know whether you could like her person as well as mine, because sickness has faded her complexion; but it is greatly my interest not to bring you acquainted with her mind, for that would prove a potent rival; and nothing but your partiality to me, as an older acquaintance, could make you give me the preference

I beg my particular compliments to Dr. *Delany* *. Sir *John Stanley* says, if you have not forgot him, he desires to be remembered as your humble servant.

* This lady was sometime afterwards married to Dr. *Delany*.

L E T T E R CCCLVIII.

Mrs. BARBER to Dr. SWIFT.

Bath, November the 3d, 1736.

SIR,

I Should long since have acknowledged the honour of your kind letter, but that I found my head so disordered by writing a little, that I was fearful of having the gout in it; so I humbly beseech you to pardon me; nor think me ungrateful, nor in the least insensible of the infinite obligations I lie under to you, which, heaven knows, are never out of my mind.

How shall I express the sense I have of your goodness, in inviting me to return to *Ireland*, and generously offering to contribute to support me there? But would it not be base in me, not to try to do something for myself, rather than be burthensome where I am already so much indebted?

As to the friend whom you say, Sir, is in so much better circumstances, I should be very unjust, if I did not assure you that friend has never failed of being extremely kind to me.

I find I need not tell you that I am not able to pursue the scheme of *letting lodgings*.

Your goodness and compassion for my unhappy state of health has made you think of it for me; 'tis impracticable, but I am desirous to try if I can do any good by selling *Irish* linen, which I find is coming much into repute here; in that way my daughter, who is willing to do every thing in her power, can be of service, but never in the other.

If I should go from *Bath*, I have reason to think, that the remainder of my life would be very miserable, and that I should soon lose the use of my limbs for ever; since I find nothing but the blessing of God on these waters does me any good; besides this, the interest of my children is a great inducement to me, for here I have the best prospect of keeping up an acquaintance for them. My son *, who is learning to paint, goes on very well, and, if he be in the least approved of, in all probability he may do very well at *Bath*; for I never yet saw a painter that came hither, fail of getting more business than he could do, let him be never so indifferent: and I am in hopes that *Con.* † may settle here. Dr. *Mead*, whose goodness to me is great, may be of vast use to

* Mr. *Rupert Barber*, a most eminent painter in crayons and minature.

† Dr. *Constantine Barber*, a very learned physician, and president of the college of physicians in *Dublin*.

him,

him, if he finds, as I hope he will, that he is worthy of his favour. And, if God blesses my sons with success, they are so well inclined, that I do not doubt but that they would take a pleasure in supporting me, if I can make a shift to maintain them and myself 'till then : and I find Mr. *Barber* is very willing to do what he can for them, though his circumstances are far from being what you are told they are ; not, I fear, half so good.

But though I cannot hope to be supported by letting lodgings, I would willingly take a house a little larger than I want for myself, if I could meet with it on reasonable terms, that if any particular friend came, they might lodge in it, which would make it more agreeable : and, if I live 'till my son, the painter, goes into business, he might be with me. As for *Con.* if he does not chuse to settle here, good Dr. *Helfham*, with his usual friendliness, has promised to honour him with his protection, if he returns to *Ireland*.

I have now, Sir, told you my schemes, and hope they will be honoured with your approbation, and encouraged by your inexpressible goodness to me. I have at length got resolution enough to beg a favour, which, if you, Sir, condescend to grant,

would make me rich, without impoverishing you.

When Dr. King, of *Oxford*, was last in *Ireland*, he had the pleasure of seeing your Treatise on *Polite Conversation*, and gave such an account of it in *London*, as made numbers of people very desirous to see it. Lady *Worsley*, who heard of it from Mrs. *Cleland* *; and many more of my patronesses pressed me to beg it of you, and assured me I might get a great subscription if I had that, and a few of your *original poems*; if you would give me leave to publish an advertisement, that you had made me a present of them. This they commanded me to tell you above a *year ago*, and I have had many letters since upon that account; but, conscious of the many obligations I already lay under, I have thought it a shame to presume further upon your goodness: but, when I was last in *London*, they made me promise I would mention it the next time I wrote to you; and, indeed, I have attempted it many a time since, but never could 'till now.—I humbly beseech you, Sir, if you do not think it proper, not to be offended

* ‘ Lady *Worsley*, wife of Sir *Robert Worsley*. Mrs. *Cleland*, wife of major *William Cleland*, a friend of Mr. *Pope*, and author of the *Letter to the Publisher of the Dunciad*, prefixed to the first correct edition of that poem.’

with

with me for asking it; for it was others that out of kindness to me, put me upon it. They said you made no advantage for yourself, by your writings; and, that, since you honoured me with your protection, I had all the reason in the world to think it would be a pleasure to you, to see me in easy circumstances; that every body would gladly subscribe for any thing Dr. *Swift* wrote; and, indeed, I believe in my conscience, it would be the making of me.

There are a great many people of quality here this season; amongst others, lady *Carteret*, and Mrs. *Spencer* *; who commanded me to make their best compliments to you. They came on Mrs. *Spencer's* account, who is better in her health since she drank these waters. I daily see such numbers of people mended by them, that I cannot but wish you would try them: as you are sensible your disorders are chiefly occasioned by a cold stomach, I believe there is not any thing in this world so likely to cure that disorder as the *Bath-waters*; which are daily found to be a sovereign remedy for disorders of *that kind*: I know, Sir, you have no opinion of drugs, and why will you not try

* ' Daughter of lord *Carteret*, married first to the honourable *John Spencer*, brother to the duke of *Marlborough*, and afterwards to the late earl *Cowper*.'

so agreeable a medicine prepared by Providence alone? If you will not try for *your own sake*, why will you not, in pity to your country? O! may that Being that inspired you to be it's defence in the day of distress, influence you to take the best method to preserve a life of so much importance to an oppressed people!

Before I conclude, gratitude obliges me to tell you, that Mr. *Temple* * was here lately, and was exceedingly kind to me and my daughters. He made me a present of a hamper of very fine *Madeira*, which he said was good for the gout, and distinguished me in the kindest manner. He commanded me to make his best compliments to you, and says, he flatters himself, you will visit *Moor-Park* once again: Heaven grant you may! and that I may be so blest as to see you, who am, with infinite respect and gratitude, your most obliged, and dutiful humble servant,

MARY BARBER.

* ' *John Temple*, esq; nephew of Sir *William Temple*, whose grand-daughter he married. He was brother to the late lord viscount *Palmerstown*.'

L E T T E R. CCCLIX.

Lady B—— G—— to Dr. SWIFT.

Nov. the 2d, 1736.

I AM sorry to be so unlucky in my late errands between his grace and you; and he is also troubled at it, as the person you recommend, is, indeed, what you say, a very worthy person; but Mr. *Molloy*, who was lord *George's* second tutor, had the promise of the next preferment, so he cannot put him by for this. I wish I was more fortunate in my undertakings; but I verily believe it is a common calamity to most men in power, that they are often, by necessity, prevented from obliging their friends; and many worthy people go unrewarded. Whether you call this a court answer or not, I am very positively sure, he is heartily vexed when it is not in his power to oblige you. I have been very much out of order, or you should have heard from me before: and I am now literally setting out for *Bath*. So adieu! dear Dean.

L E T-

L E T T E R CCCLX.

Lord CASTLEDURROW * to
Dr. SWIFT.

Castledurrow, December 4th, 1736.

SIR,

IT is now a month since you favoured me with your letter; I fear the trouble of another from me may persuade you to excuse my acknowledgments of it; but I am too sensible of the honour you do me to suffer a correspondence to drop, which I know some of the greatest men in this age have gloried in. How then must my heart be elated! The fly on the chariot-wheel is too trite a quotation: I shall rather compare myself to a worm enlivened by the sun, and crawling before it. I imagine there is a tinge of vanity in the meanest insect; and who knows but even this reptile may pride itself in its curls and twists before its benefactor? This is more than the greatest philosopher can determine. Guesses are the privilege of the

* This was *William* lord baron of *Castledurrow*, whose son *Henry* was created lord viscount *Ashbrook* in the year 1751.

ignorant,

ignorant, our undoubted right, and what you can never lay claim to.

I am quite angry with your servant, for not acquainting you I was at your door. I greatly commend both your œconomy and the company you admit at your table. I am told your wine is excellent. The additional groat is, I hope, for suet to your pudding. I fancy I am as old an acquaintance as most you have in this kingdom; though it is not my happiness to be so qualified as to merit that intimacy you profess for a few. It is now to little purpose to repine; though it grieves me to think I was a favourite of dean *Aldrich*, the greatest man who ever presided in that high post; that over *Virgil* and *Horace*, *Gay* and *Philips*, smoaked many a pipe, and drank many a quart with me, besides, the expence of a bushel of nuts, and that now I am scarce able to relish their beauties. I know it is death to you to see either of them mangled; but a scrap of paper I design to enclose, will convince you of the truth. It was in joke to an old woman of seventy, who takes the last line so heinously, that, thanks to my stars, she hates me in earnest. So I devote myself to ladies of fewer years, and more discretion.

This, and such other innocent amusements, I devote myself to in my retirement. Once in two years I appear in the *obus* of
the

the world, our metropolis. His * grace, my old acquaintance, told me, I began to contract strange old-fashioned rust, and advised me to burst out of my solitude, and resit myself for the public; but my own notion of the world, for some time past, is so confirmed by the sanction of your opinion of it, that I resolve this same rust shall be as dear to me, as that which enhanced the value of poor Dr. *Woodward's* shield †; though it gave such offence to his cleanly maid, that she polished it to none at all.

I shall appear very inconsistent with myself in now telling you, that I still design the latter end of next six months for *England*. You allow I have some pretence to go there. My progress with my son will be farther; for which, perhaps, you too will condemn me, as well as other friends do. I shall be proud of the honour of your commands, and, with your leave, will wait upon you for them. I design to send you a

* The duke of *Dorset*.

† The character of Dr. *Cornelius Scriblerus* in the *Memoirs* of his son *Martinus Scriblerus*, was intended for Dr. *Woodward*, who wrote a dissertation on an antique shield; and Dr. *Cornelius* is represented as having intended to place his son in what he conceived to be an antique shield, to be christened; but which being given to the maid, with it's venerable rust upon it, she scoured it bright, and then it appeared to be nothing more than an old sconce without a nozzle.

pot of woodcocks for a *Christmas*-box: small
as the present is, pray believe I am, with
sincere respect, Sir, your most obedient
humble servant, CASTLEDURROW.

Verses by lord *Castledurrow*, inclosed in
the former letter.

Lætitia's character of her lover rendered
in metre.

Old women sometimes can raise his desire,
The young, in their turn, set his heart all
on fire,
And sometimes again he abhors woman-kind.
Was ever poor wretch of so fickle a mind!

The Lover's Answer.

*Parcius junctas quatiunt fenestras,
Ictibus crebris juvenes protervi;
Nec tibi Somnos adimunt: amatque
Janua Limen.*

HOR. Lib. I. Ode 25.

No more shall frolic youth advance
In serenade, and am'rous dance;
Redoubling stroke no more shall beat
Against thy window and thy gate;
In idle sleep now lie secure,
and never be unbarr'd the door.

L E T-

L E T T E R CCCLXI.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, Esq; to
Dr. S W I F T.

London; December the 21st, 1736.

S I R,

I WAS at the *Bath* when I had the favour of your letter of the 6th of last month. I remember I once wrote to you from thence, therefore I resolved not to hazard another by the cross post, but stay 'till my return to *London*, to thank you for your kind remembrance of me. I am now, God be thanked, tolerably well in health again, and have done with all physic and water-drinking. My constitution must certainly be a pretty good one; for it has resisted the attacks of five eminent physicians for five months together, and I am not a jot the worse for any of them. For the future I will preserve myself by your advice, and follow your rules, of rising early, eating little, drinking less, and riding daily. I hope this regimen will be long of use to both of us, and that we may live to meet again. I am exceedingly rejoiced at Mr. *Stopford*'s good success, and have acknowledged my obligation to the duke of *Dorset*, who I dare say will in time do more for him,
because

because he has promised it. My first desire to serve him was solely because I knew you esteemed him. I was confident he must have been a deserving man, since *John Gay* assured me he was a very particular friend of your's. I afterwards, upon farther acquaintance, grew to love him for his own sake, and the merit I found in him. Men of his worth and character do an honour to those who recommend them. There is a sentence, I think it is in *Tully's Offices*, which I admire extremely, and should be tempted to take it for a motto, if ever I took one, *Amicis prodesse, nemini nocere*. It is a noble sentiment, and shall be my rule, though perhaps never my motto. I fancy there is no other foundation for naming so many successors to the duke of *Dorset*, than because he has served, as they call it, his time out. I am inclined to believe he will go once more amongst you, and the rather since I am told he gave great satisfaction the last time he was with you. Lord *Essex* will hardly be the person to succeed him, though I should be glad he was, since I flatter myself he would be willing, on many occasions, to shew some regard to my recommendations. I have lately seen a gentleman who is come from *France*, who assures me, the * person you

* Lord *Bolingbroke*.

enquire after, and to whom you gave so many lectures of frugality, is in perfect health, and lives in great plenty and affluence. I own I doubt it; but, if it be true, I am sure it cannot last long, unless an old gentleman * would please to die, who seems at present not to have the least inclination towards it, though near ninety years old. I verily think he is more likely to marry again than die.

Pope shewed me a letter he had lately from you. We grieved extremely to find you so full of complaints, and we wished heartily you might be well enough to make a trip here in spring. Shifting the scene was of great service to me; perhaps it may be so to you. I mended from the moment I had crossed the seas, and sensibly felt the benefit of changing air. His majesty is still on the other side. He has escaped being at sea in the tempestuous weather we have had; but when the wind will let him come, God knows. Lord *Chesterfield* says, if he does not come by *Twelfth-day*, the people will choose king and queen without him. I must tell you a ridiculous incident, perhaps you have not heard it; one Mrs. *Mapp*, a famous she bone-setter and mountebank, coming to

* Lord St. John of Battersea, Father to Lord Bolingbroke.

town with a coach and six horses, on the *Kentish* road was met by a rabble of people, who seeing her very oddly and tawdrily dressed, took her for a foreigner, and concluded she must be a certain great person's mistress. Upon this they followed the coach, bawling out, No *Hanover* whore! no *Hanover* whore! The lady within the coach was much offended, let down the glass, and screamed louder than any of them, She was no *Hanover* whore! she was an *English* one! Upon which they cried out, God bless your ladyship! quitted the pursuit, and wished her a good journey.

I hope to be able to attend the house next sessions; but not with that assiduity as I have formerly done. Why should I risque the doing myself any harm, when I know how vain it is to expect to do any good? You that have been a long time out of this country, can have no notion how wicked and corrupt we are grown. Were I to tell you of half the rogueries come to my knowledge, you would be astonished, and yet I dare say I don't know of half that are practised in one little spot of ground only; you may easily guess where I mean.

I will make your compliments to lord *Carteret*, when he comes to town. I am sure he will be pleased with your kind mention of him; and if you will now and then

let me hear from you, I shall look on the continuance of your correspondence as a very particular honour; for I assure you, that I am, with the greatest truth and esteem, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM PULTENEY.

L E T T E R CCCLXII.

Lord CASTLEDURROW to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, *Castledurrow, Jan. 11th, 1736.*

I Received the honour of your letter with that pleasure which they have always given me. If I have deferred acknowledging longer than usual, I should not be at a loss to make an excuse, if I could be so vain as to imagine you required any. Virtue forbids us to continue in debt, and gratitude obliges us at least to own favours too large for us to pay; therefore I must write rather than reproach myself, and blush at having neglected it when I wait upon you; though you may retort, blushes should proceed rather from the pen than from silence; which pleads a modest diffidence, that often obtains pardon. I am delighted with the sketch of your Imperium, and beg I may be presented to your first minister, Sir *Robert**.

* Mrs. Brent, the Dean's house-keeper, whom he used to call Sir *Robert Walpole*.

Your

Your puddings I have been acquainted with these forty years; they are the best sweet thing I ever eat. The œconomy of your table is delicious; a little, and perfectly good, is the greatest treat; and that elegance in sorting company puts me in mind of *Corelli's orcastro**, in forming which he excelled mankind. In this respect no man ever judged worse than lord chancellor *Middleton*; his table the neatest served of any I have seen in *Dublin*, which to be sure was intirely owing to his lady. You really surprize me when you say you know not where to get a dinner in the whole town. *Dublin* is famous for vanity this way; and I think the mistaken luxury of some of our grandees, and feasting those who come to laugh at us from the other side of the water, have done us as much prejudice as most of our follies. Nct any lord lieutenant has done us more honour in magnificence than our present vice-roy†. He is an old intimate of my youth, and has always distinguished me with affection and friendship. I trust mine are no less sincere for him. I have joy in hearing his virtues celebrated. I wish that he had gratified you

* ‘ His lordship probably uses this word for *orchestre*. *Corelli*, the famous *Italian* musician and composer, being eminent for his skill in forming and disposing the several musicians in a concert.’

† The duke of *Dorset*.

in your request. Those he has done most for, I dare affirm, love him least. It is pity there is any allay in so beneficent a temper ; but if a friend can be viewed with an impartial eye, faults he has none ; and if any failings, they are grafted in a pusillanimity, which sinks him into complaisance for men who neither love nor esteem him, and has prevented him buoying up against their impotent threats, in raising his friends. He is a most amiable man, and has many good qualities, and wants but one more to make him really a great man.

If you can have any commands to *England* for so insignificant a fellow as I am, pray prepare them against the beginning of next month. At my arrival, in town, I shall send a message in form for audience: but I beg to see you in your private capacity, not in your princely authority ; for as both your ministry and senate are full, and that I cannot hope to be employed in either, I fear your revenue is too small to grant me a pension. And as I am not fit for business, perhaps you will not allow me a fit object for one, which charity only prompts you to bestow. Thus, without any view of your highness's favour, I am independent, and with sincere esteem, your most obedient humble servant,

CASTLEDURROW.

L E T-

L E T T E R CCCLXIII.

Dr. S W I F T to Lady B—— G——.

MADAM,

January 29th, 1736.

I O W E your ladyship the acknowledgment of a letter I have long received, relating to a request I made to my lord duke. I now dismiss you, madam, for ever from your office of being a go-between upon any affair I might have with his grace. I will never more trouble him, either with my visits or application. His business in this kingdom is to make himself easy; his lessons are all prescribed him from court; and he is sure, at a very cheap rate, to have a majority of most corrupt slaves and idiots at his devotion. The happiness of this kingdom is of no more consequence to him, than it would be to the great *Mogul*; while the very few honest or moderate men of the *Whig* party, lament the choice he makes of persons for civil employments, or church preferments.

I will now repeat, for the last time, that I never made him a request out of any views of my own; but intirely after consulting his own honour, and the desires of all good men, who were as loyal as his grace could wish, and had no other fault than that of

modestly standing up for preserving some poor remainder in the constitution of church and state.

I had long experience, while I was in the world, of the difficulties that great men lay under, in the point of promises and employments; but a plain honest *English* farmer, when he invites his neighbours to a christening, if a friend happen to come late, will take care to lock up a scrap for him in the cupboard.

Henceforth I shall only grieve in silence, when I hear of employments disposed of to the discontent of his grace's best friends in this kingdom; and the rather, because I do not know a more agreeable person in conversation, one more easy, or of a better taste, with a greater variety of knowledge, than the duke of *Dorset*.

I am extremely afflicted to hear that your ladyship's want of health hath driven you to the *Bath*; the same cause hath hindered me from sooner acknowledging your letter. But, I am at a time of life to expect a great deal worse; for I have neither flesh nor spirits left: while you, madam, I hope, and believe, will enjoy many happy years, in employing those virtues which heaven bestowed on you; for the delight of your friends, the comfort of the distressed, and the universal esteem of all who are wise and virtuous.

I desire

I desire to present my most humble service to my lady *Suffolk*, and your happy brother.

I am, with the truest respect, madam, your, &c.

L E T T E R CCCLXIV.

Dr. S W I F T to Mr. P U L T E N E Y.

S I R,

March 7th, 1736.

I MUST begin by assuring you, that I did never intend to engage you in a settled correspondence with so useless a man as I here am; and still more so, by the daily increase of ill health, and old age; and yet I confess, that the high esteem I preserve for your public and private virtues urgeth me on to retain some little place in your memory, for that time I may expect to live.

That I no sooner acknowledged the honour of your letters is owing to your civility, which might have compelled you to write, while you were engaged in defending the liberties of your country, with more than an old *Roman* spirit, which hath reached this obscure enslaved kingdom, so far as to have been the constant subject of discourse and of praise among the whole few of what unprostituted people here remain among us.

I did

I did not receive the letter you mentioned from *Bath*; and yet I have imagined, for some months past, that the meddlers in the post-offices here and in *London* have grown weary of their curiosity, by finding the little satisfaction it gave them. I agree heartily in your opinion of physicians; I have esteemed many of them as learned ingenious men; but I never received the least benefit from their advice and prescriptions. And poor Dr. *Arbutnot*t was the only man of the faculty who seemed to understand my case; yet could not remedy it. But to conquer five physicians, all eminent in their way, was a virtue that *Alexander* and *Cæsar* could never pretend to. I desire that my prescription of living may be published (which you design to follow) for the benefit of mankind; which, however, I do not value a rush, nor the animal itself as it now acts; and neither will I ever value myself as a *Philanthropus*, because it is now a creature (taking a vast majority) that I hate more than a toad, a viper, a wasp, a stork, a fox, or any other you will please to add.

Since the date of your letter, we understand there is another duke to govern here. Mr. *Stopford* was with me last night; he is as well provided for, and to his own satisfaction, as any private clergyman. He engaged me to present his best respects and acknowledgments

ledgments to you. Your modesty, in refusing to take a motto, goes too far. The sentence is not a boast, because it is every man's duty in morality and religion*.

Indeed we differ here from what you have been told of the duke of *Dorset's* having given great satisfaction the last time he was with us. I wrote to a lady in *London*, his grace's near relation, and intimate†, that she would no more continue the office of a go-between (as she called herself) betwixt the duke and me, because I never designed to attend him again; and yet I allow him to be as agreeable a person in conversation as I have almost any where met. I sent my letter to that lady under a cover addressed to the duke; and in it I made many complaints against some proceedings, which I suppose he hath seen. I never made him one request for myself; and if I spoke for another, he was always upon his guard; which was but twice, and for trifles.

The father of our friend in *France*‡ may outlive the son; for I would venture a wager,

* *Amicis prodesse, nemini nocere.* See Mr. Pulteney's letter, dated Dec. 21, 1736.

† See his last letter to lady B—G—, dated Jan. 29, 1736.

‡ 'The friend in *France* appears to be lord viscount *Bolingbroke*, whose father, Sir *Henry St. John*, bart. had been created baron *St. John* of *Battersea*, and viscount *St. John*, 2d July, 1716.'

that if you pick out twenty of the oldest men in *England*, nineteen of them have been the most worthless fellows in the kingdom. You tell me, with great kindness, as well as gravity, that I ought, this spring, to make a trip to *England*, and your motive is admirable, that shifting the scene was of great service to you, and therefore it may be so to me. I answer as an *Academic*, *Nego consequentiam*. And besides, comparisons are odious. You are what the *French* call *plein du vie*. As you are much younger, so I am a dozen years older than my age makes me, by infirmities of mind and body; to which I add the perpetual detestation of all public persons and affairs in both kingdoms. I spread the story of Mrs. *Mapp* while it was new to us: there was something humorous in it throughout, that pleased every body here. Will you engage your friend *Carteret* to oppose any step towards arbitrary power? He hath promised me, under a penalty, that he will continue firm; and yet some reports go here of him, that have a little disconcerted me. Learning and good sense he hath, to a great degree, if the love of riches and power do not overbalance.

Pray God long continue the gifts he hath bestowed you, to be the chief support of liberty to your country, and let all the people
say,

say, Amen. I am, with the truest respect,
and highest esteem, Sir, your, &c.

L E T T E R CCCLXV.

The Earl of O—— to Dr. SWIFT.

Dear Sir, *Corke, March 15, 1736-7.*

I Received your commands, by *Faulkner*,
to write to you. But what can I say?
The scene of *Corke* is ever the same; dull,
insipid, and void of all amusement. His sac-
cred majesty was not under greater difficulty
to find out diversions at *Helvoetsluys*, than I
am here. The butchers are as greasy, the
quakers as formal, and the presbyterians as
holy, and full of the Lord, as usual: all
things are in *statu quo*; even the hogs and
pigs gruntle in the same cadence as of yore.
Unfurnished with variety, and drooping un-
der the natural dulness of the place, materials
for a letter are as hard to be found, as mo-
ney, sense, honesty, or truth.

But I will write on; *Ogilby*, *Blackmore*,
and my lord *Grimstone**, have done the same
before me.

I have not yet been upon the *Change*; but
am told, that you are the idol of the court of

* The author of a play called, *Love in a Hollow
Tree.*

aldermen. They have sent you your freedom. The most learned of them having read a most dreadful account, in *Littleton's* dictionary, of *Pandora's* gold box, it was unanimously agreed, not to venture so valuable a present in so dangerous a metal. Had these sage counsellors considered, that *Pandora* was a woman, (which, perhaps, Mr. *Littleton* forgets to mention) they would have seen, that the ensuing evils arose from the sex, and not from the ore. But I shall speak with more certainty of these affairs, when I have taken my seat among the grey-beards.

My letters from *England* speak of great combustions there. *Absolam* continues a rebel to royal *David*: the *Achitophels* of the age are numerous and high spirited. The influence of the comet seems to have strange effects already. In the mean time, here live we, drones of *Corke*, wrapped up in our own filth, *procul a Jove et procul a fulmine*. Heaven, and all good stars protect you! For let the thunder burst where it will, so that you are safe, and unsinged; who cares whether *Persia* submits its government to the renowned *Kouli Khan*, or that beardless, unexperienced youth, the *Sopbi*? At least, the vicar of *Bray* and I shall certainly be contented.

LET-

L E T T E R CCCLXVI.

The Earl of O—— to Dr. S W I F T.

Corke, March the 18th, 1736.

DEAR SIR,

THIS is occasioned by a letter I have * received from Mr. *Pope*, of which I send you a copy in my own hand, not caring to trust the original to the accidents of the post. I likewise send you part of a fifth volume of *Curll's* Thefts, in which you will find two letters to you, (one from Mr. *Pope*, the other from lord *Bolingbroke*) just published, with an impudent preface, by *Curll*. You see, *Curll*, like his friend the Devil, glides through all key-holes, and thrusts himself into the most private cabinets.

I am much concerned to find that Mr. *Pope* is still uneasy about his letters; but, I hope, a letter I sent him from *Dublin* (which he has not yet received) has removed all anxiety of that kind. In the last discourse I had with you on this topic, you remember you told me, he should have his letters; and

* See the next letter.

I lost no time in letting him know your resolution.

I have said so much on this subject, in the late happy hours you allowed me to pass with you at the deanery, that there is little occasion for adding more upon it at present; especially as you will find, in Mr. *Pope's* letter to me, a strength of argument that seems irresistible. As I have thoughts of going to *England* in *June*, you may depend upon a safe carriage of any papers you think fit to send him. I should think myself particularly fortunate, to deliver to him those letters he seems so justly desirous of. I entreat you, give me that pleasure! It will be a happy reflection to me in the latest hours of my life; which, whether long or short, shall be constantly spent in endeavouring to do what may be acceptable to the virtuous and the wise. I am, dear Sir, your very faithful and obliged humble servant.

LET-

L E T T E R CCCLXVII.

Mr. POPE to the Earl of O——.

MY LORD,

AFTER having condoled several times with you on your own illness, and that of our friends, I now claim some share myself; for I have been down with a fever, which yet confines me to my chamber. Just before I wrote a letter to the Dean, full of my heart; and, among other things, pressed him (which, I must acquaint your lordship, I had done twice before for near a twelve-month past) to secure me against that rascal printer, by returning me my letters, which (if he had valued so much) I promised to send him copies of, merely that the originals might not fall into such ill hands, and thereby a hundred particulars be at his mercy: which would expose me to the misconstruction of many, the malice of some, and the censure, perhaps, of the whole world. A fresh incident made me press this again, which I inclose to you, that I may shew him. The man's declaration, *That he had these two letters of the Dean's from your side the water*, with several others yet lying by, (which I cannot doubt the truth of, because

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I never

I never had a copy of either) is surely a just cause for my request. Yet, the Dean, answering every other point of my letter, with the utmost expressions of kindness, is silent upon this; and, the third time silent; I begin to fear he has already lent them out of his hands: and, in whatever hands, while they are *Irish* hands, allow me, my lord, to say, they are in dangerous hands. Weak admirers are as bad as malicious enemies, and operate in these cases alike, to an author's disparagement or uneasiness. I think this I made the Dean, so just a request, that I beg your lordship to second it, by shewing him what I wrote. I told him, as soon as I found myself obliged to publish an edition of letters, to my great sorrow; that I wished to make use of some of these: nor did I think any part of my correspondencies would do me a greater honour, and be really a greater pleasure to me, than what might preserve the memory how well we loved one another. I find the Dean was not quite of the same opinion, or he would not, I think, have denied this. I wish some of those sort of people always about a great man in wit, as well as a great man in power, have not an eye to some little interest in getting the whole of these into their possession: I will venture, however, to say, *they* would not add more credit to the Dean's memory, by *their* management

nagement of them, than *I* by *mine*: and if, as I have a great deal of affection for him, I have it with some judgment, at least, I presume, my conduct herein might be better confided in.

Indeed, this silence is so remarkable, it surprises me: I hope in God it is not to be attributed to what he complains of, a want of memory. I would rather suffer from any other cause, than what would be so unhappy to him. My sincere love for this valuable, indeed, incomparable man, will accompany him through life, and pursue his memory, were I to live a hundred lives, as many as his works will live: which are absolutely original, unequalled, unexampled. His humanity, his charity, his condescension, his candour, are equal to his wit; and require as good and true a taste to be equally valued. When all this must die, (this last I mean) I would gladly have been the recorder of so great a part of it, as shines in his letters to me, and of which my own are but as so many acknowledgments. But, perhaps, before this reaches your hands, my cares may be over; and *Curll*, and every body else, may say and lye of me as they will: the Dean, old as he is, may have the task to defend me.

L E T T E R CCCLXVIII.

Lord C—— to Dr. S W I F T.

Arlington-street, March 24, 1736.

SIR,

I THIS day attended the cause you recommended to me in your letter of the 3d of *January*: the decree was affirmed most unanimously, the appeal adjudged frivolous, and 100*l.* costs given to the respondent. Lord *Bathurst* attended likewise. The other lords you mention, I am very little acquainted with; so I cannot deliver your messages, though I pity them in being out of your favour, Since you mention *Greek*, I must tell you, that my son, not sixteen, understands it better than I did at twenty, and I tell him, study *Greek*, καὶ οὐδεν οὐδεποτε ταπεινον ενδυμηθηση ουτε αγαν επιδυμησεις τινος. He knows how to construe this, and I have the satisfaction to believe he will fall into the sentiment; and then, if he makes no figure, he will yet be a happy man.

Your late lord lieutenant * told me, some time ago, he thought he was not in your favour. I told him I was of that opinion, and

* The duke of *Dorset*.

shewed

shewed him the article of your letter relating to himself: I believe I did wrong. Not that you care a farthing for princes or ministers; but because it was vanity in me, to produce your acknowledgments to me for providing for people of learning, some of which I had the honour to promote at your desire, for which I still think myself obliged to you. And I have not heard that, since, they have disturbed the peace of the kingdom, or been *Jacobites*, in disgrace to you and me.

I desire you will make my sincere respects acceptable to Dr. *Delany*. He sent me potted woodcocks in perfection, which lady *Granville*, my wife, and children, have eat, though I have not yet answered his letter. My lady *Granville*, reading your postscript, bids me tell you, that she will send you a present; and, if she knew what you liked, she would do it forthwith. Let me know, and it shall be done, that the first of the family may no longer be postponed by you to the third place. My wife and lady *Worfeley* desire their respects should be mentioned to you rhetorically; but as I am a plain peer, I shall say nothing, but that I am, for ever, Sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

C — .

When people asked me, how I governed *Ireland*? I say, that I pleased Dr. *Swift*.

Quæsitam meritis sume superbiam.

L E T T E R CCCLXIX.

Lord B ————— to Dr. SWIFT.

Cirencester, Oct. the 5th, 1737.

Dear Mr. dean,

THAT I often think of you is most certain, but if I should write to you as often, you would think me extremely troublesome. I was alarmed some time ago with hearing that you were much indisposed; but if later accounts are to be depended upon, you are now in perfect health. I should be heartily glad to have that news confirmed to me by two lines under your own hand: however, I write to you now under that supposition, for which reason I have cut out a little business for you.

That very pretty epistle which you writ many years ago to lord *Oxford*, is printed very incorrectly. I have a copy (of which I send you a transcript) which has some very good lines in it, that are not in the
printed

printed copy; and, besides, if you will compare it with the original, you will find that you left off without going through with the epistle. The fable of the country and city mouse is as prettily told as any thing of that kind ever was: possibly, if you look over your papers, you may find that you finished the whole; if not, I enjoin you as a task to go through with it: and, I beg of you, do not suffer an imperfect copy to stand, whilst it is in your power to rectify it. * Adieu! and do me the justice to believe me, most faithfully, and unalterably, your's.

L E T T E R CCCLXX.

The Chevalier RAMSAY to Dr. SWIFT.

At *Paris*, Nov. 29, 1737.

Rev. Sir,

I RECEIVED only some weeks ago the works you were pleased to send me, and have perused them with a new plea-

* On the back of the original letter, Dr. *Swift* hath observed, that, upon receiving it, he added twenty lines to the poem. It is in imitation of the sixth satire of the second book of *Horace*, and is printed, with the additional lines, in *Pope's* works, vol. vi. Dr. *Warburton's* edition.

sure. I still find in them all the marks of that original genius and universal beneficence which compose your character. I cannot send you, in return, any such valuable compositions of mine; but you will receive, by the first ships that go for *Ireland*, my history of the mareschal *de Turenne*, the greatest *French* hero that ever was. I shall be glad to know your opinion of the performance.

I am, with the greatest respect, veneration, and friendship, your most humble and most obedient servant,

The Chevalier RAMSAY.

If you have any commands for me in this country, or for any of your friends, pray direct for me under a cover, *A son Altesse Monseigneur le Comte d'Evreux, General de la Cavallerie a Paris.*

L E T.

L E T T E R CCCLXXI.

Lord B—— to Dr. SWIFT.

DEAR SIR,

December 6, 1737.

I RECEIVED a letter from you at *Cirencester*, full of life and spirit, which gave me singular satisfaction; but those complaints you make of the deplorable state of *Ireland*, made me reflect upon the condition of *England*, and I am inclined to think it is not much better; possibly the only difference is, that we shall be the last devoured *. I have attended the parliament many years, and never found that I could do any good; I have therefore entered upon a new scheme of life, and am determined to look after my own affairs a little. I am now in a small farm-house in *Derbyshire*, and my chief business is to take care that my agents do not impose upon my tenants. I am for letting them all good bargains, that my rents may be paid as long as any rents can be paid; and when the time comes that there is no money, they are honest fellows, and will bring me in what corn and cattle I shall want. I want no foreign commodities; my neighbour the duke of *Kingston* has import-

* The promise of *Polypheme* to *Ulysses*.

ed one *; but I don't think it worth the carriage.

I passed through *London* in my way here, and every body wondered I could leave them, they were so full of speculations upon the great event which lately happened †; but I am of opinion some time will be necessary to produce any consequences. Some consequences will certainly follow; but time must ripen matters for them. I could send you many speculations of my own and others upon this subject; but it is too nice a subject for me to handle in a post-letter. It is not every body who ought to have liberty to abuse their superiors: if a man has so much wit as to get the majority of mankind on his side, he is often safe; or if he is known to have talents that can make an abuse stick close, he is still safer. You may say, where is the occasion of abusing any body? I never did in my life; but you have often told truth of persons, who would rather you would have abused them in the grossest manner.

I may say in parliament, that we are impoverished at home, and rendered contemptible abroad, because no body will care

* 'Madame la Touche, a French lady.'

† 'The death of queen *Caroline*, on Sunday evening, 20th Nov. 1737.'

to call upon me to prove it; but I do not know whether I may venture to put them in a letter, at least in a letter to a disaffected person; such you will be reputed as long as you live; after your death, perhaps, you may stand *rectus in curia*.

I met our friend *Pope* in town; he is as sure to be there in a bustle, as a porpus in a storm. He told me, that he would retire to *Twickenham* for a fortnight; but I doubt it much. Since I found by your last, that your hand and your head are both in so good a condition, let me hear from you sometimes. And do not be discouraged that I send you nothing worth reading now: I have talked with no body, for some time past, but farmers and plowmen; when I come into good company again, I may possibly be less insipid; but in whatever condition I am, I shall always be most ambitious of your friendship, and most desirous of your esteem, being most faithfully and sincerely, dear Sir, your obedient humble servant.

L E T-

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L E T T E R CCCLXXII.

The Chevalier RAMSAY to Dr. SWIFT.

At Paris, Feb. 20, 1738.

I SEND you here inclosed the bill of loading for the small box of books I wrote of to you some time ago. I shall be glad to hear you received them, much more to know if the perusal pleased you. No man having a higher idea of your talents, genius, and capacity, than he, who is, with great respect, reverend Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant,

A. RAMSAY.

L E T T E R CCCLXXIII.

Mr. POPE to Dr. SWIFT.

Dearest Sir,

May 17, 1739.

EVERY time I see your hand, it is the greatest satisfaction that any writing can give me ; and I am, in proportion, grieved to find, that several of my letters to testify it to you, miscarry ; and you ask me the same questions again, which I prolixly have answered before. Your last, which was delivered me by Mr. *Swift*, inquires where

where and how is lord *Bolingbroke*? who, in a paragraph in my last, under his own hand, gave you an account of himself; and I employed almost a whole letter on his affairs afterwards. He has sold *Dawley* for twenty-six thousand pounds, much to his own satisfaction. His plan of life is now a very agreeable one, in the finest country of *France*, divided between study and exercise; for he still reads or writes five or six hours a day, and hunts generally twice a week. He has the whole forest of *Fontainbleau* at his command, with the king's stables and dogs, &c. his lady's son-in-law being governor of that place. She resides most part of the year with my lord, at a large house they have hired; and the rest with her daughter, who is abbess of a royal convent in the neighbourhood. I never saw him in stronger health, or in better humour with his friends, or more indifferent and dispassionate as to his enemies. He is seriously set upon writing some parts of the history of his times, which he has begun by a noble introduction, presenting a view of the whole state of *Europe*, from the *Pyrenean* treaty. He has hence deduced a summary sketch of the natural and incidental interests of each kingdom, and how they have varied from, or approached to, the true politics of each, in the several administrations to this time. The
history

history itself will be particular only on such facts and anecdotes as he personally knew, or produces vouchers for, both from home, and abroad. This puts into my mind to tell you a fear he expressed lately to me, that some facts in your history of the queen's last years (which he read here with me in 1727) are not exactly stated, and that he may be obliged to vary from them, in relation, I believe, to the conduct of the earl of *Oxford*, of which great care surely should be taken. And he told me, that when he saw you in 1727, he made you observe them, and that you promised to take that care.

We very often commemorated you, during the five months we lived together at *Twickenham*. At which place could I see you again, as I may hope to see him, I would envy no country in the world; and think not *Dublin* only, but *France* and *Italy* not worth the visiting once in my life.

The mentioning of travelling introduces your old acquaintance Mr. *Jervis*, who went to *Rome* and *Naples* purely in search of health. An asthma has reduced his body, but his spirit retains all it's vigour; and he is returned, declaring life itself not worth a day's journey, at the expence of parting from one's friends.

Mr.

Mr. *Lewis* every day remembers you. I lie at his house in town. Dr. *Arbuthnot*'s daughter does not degenerate from the humour and goodness of her father. I love her much. She is like *Gay*, very idle, very ingenious, and inflexibly honest. Mrs. *Patty Blount* is one of the most considerate and mindful women in the world towards others, the least so with regard to herself. She speaks of you constantly. I scarce know two more women worth naming to you; the rest are ladies, run after music, and play at cards.

I always make your compliments to lord *Oxford* and lord *Masham*, when I see them. I see *John Barber* seldom; but always find him proud of some letter from you. I did my best with him in behalf of one of your friends, and spoke to Mr. *Lyttleton* * for the other; who was more prompt to catch than I to give fire, and flew to the prince that instant, who was as pleased to please you.

You ask me how I am at court? I keep my old walk, and deviate from it to no court. The * prince shews me a distinction beyond any merit or pretence on my part; and I have received a present from him of some marble heads of poets for my library,

* Afterwards lord *Lyttleton*.

† His late royal highness *Frederick* prince of *Wales*.
and

and some urns for my garden. The ministerial writers rail at me; yet I have no quarrel with their masters, nor think it of weight enough to complain of them. I am very well with all the courtiers I ever was or would be acquainted with. At least they are civil to me; which is all I ask from courtiers, and all a wise man will expect from them. The duchess of *Marlborough* makes great court to me; but I am too old for her, mind and body; yet I cultivate some young people's friendship, because they may be honest men; whereas the old ones experience too often proves not to be so. I have dropped ten, where I have taken up one, and hope to play the better with fewer in my hand. There is a lord *Cornbury*, a lord *Polworth* *, a Mr. *Murray* †, and one or two more, with whom I would never fear to hold out against all the corruption in the world.

You compliment me in vain upon retaining my poetical spirit; I am sinking fast into prose; and if I ever write more, it ought (at these years, and in these times) to be something, the matter of which will give value to the work, not merely the manner.

* 'Now earl of *Marchmont*.'

† Created lord *Mansfield*, the present lord chief justice.

Since

Since my protest (for so I call the *Dialogue* of 1738) I have written but ten lines, which I will send you. They are an insertion for the next new edition of the *Dunciad*, which generally is reprinted once in two years. In the second Canto, among the authors who dive in *Fleet-ditch*, immediately after *Arnall*, verse 300, add these :

Next plung'd a feeble, but a desp'rate pack,
With each a sickly brother at his back*;
Sons of a day ! just buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the
mud.

Ask ye their names ? I could as soon disclose
The names of these blind puppies as of
those.

Fast by, like *Niobe*, her children gone,
Sits mother *Osborne*, stupify'd to stone ;
And needful *Paxton* † tells the world with
tears,

These are, ah ! no ; these were my *Gazetteers*.

Having nothing more to tell you of my
poetry. I come to what is now my chief

* They print one at the back of the other, to send into the country. Mr. *Pope's MS. Note*. ' These were daily papers, a number of which, to lessen the expence, were printed one on the back of another. *Dunciad*, Dr. *Warr's* edit.'

† A solicitor, who procured and paid these writers. Mr. *Pope's MS. Note*. ' The line is now changed ; And monumental brass this record bears ; These are, &c.'

care, my health and amusement. The first is better as to head-achs, worse as to weakness and nerves. The changes of weather affect me much, otherwise I want not spirits, except when indigestions prevail. The mornings are my life ; in the evenings I am not dead indeed, but sleep, and am stupid enough. I love reading still better than conversation ; but my eyes fail, and at the hours when most people indulge in company, I am tired, and find the labour of the past day sufficient to weigh me down. So I hide myself in bed, as a bird in his nest, much about the same time, and rise and chirp the earlier the next morning. I often vary the scene (indeed at every friend's call) from *London* to *Twickenham* ; or the contrary, to receive them, or be received by them. Lord *Bathurst* is still my constant friend and your's ; but his country seat is now always in *Gloucestershire*, not in this neighbourhood. Mr. *Pulteney* has no country seat, and in town I see him seldom, but he always asks of you. In the summer I generally ramble for a month to lord *Cobham's*, the *Bath*, or elsewhere. In all those rambles my mind is full of the images of you and poor *Gay*, with whom I travelled so delightfully two summers. Why cannot I cross the sea ? The unhappiest malady I have to complain of ; the unhappiest accident of my whole life, is that

that weaknes of the breast, which makes the physicians of opinion that a strong vomit would kill me. I have never taken one, nor had a natural motion that way in fifteen years. I went, some years ago, with lord *Peterborow* about ten leagues at sea, purely to try if I could sail without sea-sickness, and with no other view than to make yourself and lord *Bolingbroke* a visit before I died.

But the experiment, though almost all the way near the coast, had almost ended all my views at once. Well then, I must submit to live at the distance which fortune has set us at; but my memory, my affection, my esteem are inseparable from you, and will, my dear friend, be for ever your's.

P. S. This I end at lord *Orrery's*, in company with Dr. *King*. Wherever I can find two or three that are your's, I adhere to them naturally, and by that title they become mine. I thank you for sending Mr. *Swift* to me; he can tell you more of me.

London, May 19th.

(A second Postscript.)

One of my new friends, Mr. *Lyttleton*, was to the last degree glad to have any
N 2 request

request from you to make to his master. The moment I shewed him your's concerning Mr. *M'Auley*, he went to him, and it was granted*. He is extremely obliged for the promotion of *Lamb*†. I will make you no particular speeches from him; but you and he have a mutual right to each other, *Sint tales animæ concordēs*. He loves you, though he sees you not, as all posterity will love you, who will not see you, but reverence and admire you‡.

* Mr. *Alexander M'Auley* was soliciting for a seat in parliament, as one of the representatives of the university of *Dublin*: Mr. *Lyttleton* was then principal secretary to his late royal highness *Frederick* prince of *Wales*, who, as chancellor of it, was thought by Dr. *Swift* to be the most proper person to nominate.

† Dr. *Swift* had made Mr. *William Lamb* one of the vicars-choral of his cathedral upon Mr. *Lyttleton's* recommendation.

‡ The letter to which this postscript and the next letter relate, is in the volumes published by Mr. *Deane Swift*. It is dated by the editor "May 10, 1739, at a conjecture."

L E T T E R CCCLXXIV.

GEORGE LYTTLETON, Esq; to
Dr. S W I F T.

Worcestershire, August the 4th, 1739.

S I R,

I HAVE just heard from town, that Mr. *Faulkner*, your bookseller at *Dublin*, has, by your order, sent me over your works. When I desired Mr. *Swift* to procure them for me, I did not expect the additional pleasure of owing them to your own kindness in so obliging a way. I will place them in my study next to Mr. *Pope's*, which he too gave me himself; and can truly assure you, that, excepting that present, I never received one which I value so much.

I am sorry his royal highness's recommendation has been of so little use to your friend; and think, indeed, that the university owed more respect to their chancellor, though he had not been prince of *Wales*, than they have thought proper to shew. I made his royal highness your compliments, which he accepted with much satisfaction. I hope and believe he will make good the expectations he has raised among those, who are equally

friends to him and their country. He is pleased to reckon you in that number, and desires to preserve and increase your good opinion. I thank you for the promise you give me, not to forget me, and beg you to remember me as one sincerely desirous to merit the continuance of your friendship by all the services in the power of,

Sir, your most obliged,
and most obedient servant,

G. LYTTLETON.

L E T T E R CCCLXXV.

Lord CASTLEDURROW to Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, February the 2d, 1739.

S I R,

SINCE I am forbidden your presence, I think I should be more explicit in my reason of thanks to you for Dr. *Delany's* obliging present, than I can be in a verbal, crude, ill-delivered message by a servant. As I am not acquainted with the Doctor, I at first imagined his boundless generosity distributed his book amongst the lords, and that it was sent me, as a member, though an unworthy one, of that august body. I soon found myself mistaken; and as all presents are enhanced in value proportionable to their manner

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manner of distribution, I thought it incumbent on me to thank him by letter, for having so obligingly distinguished me. He has honoured me with an answer to it, which highly elates me; for weak minds are easily made vain; but whose would not be so, on the compliment he makes me, on having read some of my letters to you? They were wrote (as most of mine are) in the wantonness of fancy, without aiming at pomp of expression, or dress of words, lucky methods of gilding nonsense; yet, that he should approve, I will not wonder when I consider the benignity of your friendship. Oh! is it not sometimes too strong a bias even for your judgment, that prompted you to think them worth his perusal? What am I now to do? I ought not to be silent; yet I must risque depreciating a favourable opinion he has conceived of me, by making myself farther known to him? Why, in prudence, no; in civility, yes. Under this dilemma give me your advice, as you are the origin of this favour. Or will you yield to what I suggest may not be improper? Take me under your protection (as soon as the weather will permit) in a warm hackney coach, which I shall take care to provide. Let us jumble together to his little paradise, which I long much to see, as well as to pay my debt due to his benevolence.

N 4

I am

I am already alarmed with your excuse of deafness and dizziness. Yielding to such a complaint always strengthens it; exerting against it generally lessens it. Do not immerse in the sole enjoyment of yourself. Is not a friend the medicine of life? I am sure it is the comfort of it. And I hope you still admit such companions as are capable of administering it. In that number I know I am unworthy of rank: however, my best wishes shall attend you.

I have inclosed some verses. The *Latin* I believe will please you; one of the translations may have the same fortune, the other cannot. The verses written in the lady's book is, A lamentable Hymn to Death, from a lover, ascribed to his mistress. I have made the author of it vain (who I am sure had never read *Pope's Heloise to Abelard*) in telling him his six last lines seem a parody on six of *Pope's*. They are on the other side, that you may not be at a loss.

Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame
destroy,

That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy,
In trance extatic may thy pangs be
drown'd,

Bright clouds descend, and angels watch
thee round;

From

From op'ning skies may streaming glories
 shine,
 And saints embrace thee with a love llke
 mine.

I think the whole letter the most passionate I ever read, except *Heloise's* own, on the subject of love. I am equally struck with *Cadenus* to *Vanessa*. I have often soothed my love with both, when I have been in a fit.

I will conclude with the above wish, and the assuring you I am, with great sincerity, as well as esteem,

Sir, your most faithful,
 affectionate humble servant,
 CASTLEDURROW.

My boy sends you his respects, and would fain pay them in person to you.

L E T T E R CCCLXXVI.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, Esq;
 to Dr. S W I F T.

SIR, *London, June the 3d, 1740.*

I HAD some time ago a letter from Mr. *Stopford*, who told me, that you enjoyed a better state of health last year than you had done

done for some years past. No one wishes you more sincerely than I do the continuance of it. And since the gout has been your phyfic, I heartily hope you may have one good fit regularly every year, and all the rest of it perfect health and spirits.

I am persuaded you will do me the justice to believe, that if I have not wrote to you for some time, it has proceeded from an unwillingness alone of engaging you in a very useless correspondence, and not from any want of a real regard and true esteem. Mr. *Pope* can be my witness how constantly I enquire after you, and how pleased and happy I am, when he tells me, that you have the goodness frequently to mention me in your letter to him.

I fear you have but little desire to come among us again. *England* has few things inviting in it at present. Three camps, near forty thousand troops, and sixteen kings*, and most of them such as are really fit to be kings in any part of the world. Four millions of money have been raised on the people this year, and in all probability nothing will be done. I have not the least notion, that even our expedition under lord *Cathcart*† is intended to be sent any where; and yet every minister we have (except Sir *Robert*)

* Sixteen lords of the regency, the king being abroad.

† Against *Carthage*. It went, and miscarried.

very gravely affirms it will go; nay, I am afraid, believes it too. But our situation is very extraordinary; Sir *Robert* will have an army, will not have a war, and cannot have a peace; that is, the people are so averse to it, that he dares not make one. But in one year more, when by the influence of this army and our money he has got a new parliament to his liking, then he will make peace, and get it approved too, be it as it will. After which I am afraid we shall all grow tired of struggling any longer, and give up the game.

But I will trouble you with no more politics; and if I can hear from you in two lines that you are well, I promise you not to reply to it too soon. You must give me leave to add to my letter a copy of verses at the end of a declamation made by a boy at *Westminster-school* on this theme,

*Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat.*

*Dulce, Decane, decus, Flos optime Gentis
Hibernæ*

*Nomine quique audis, Ingenioque Celer;
Dum lepido indulges Rifu, et mutaris in
Horas,*

*Quò nova vis Animi, Materiesque rapit;
Nunc*

*Nunc gravis Astrologus, Cælo dominaris &
Astris,*

*Filæque pro libitu Partrigiani secas,
Nunc Populo speciosa Hospes miracula promis,
Gentesque Æquoreas, aeriæsq; creas.*

*Seu plausum captat queruli Persona Draperi,
Seu levis a vacuo Fabula sumpta cado.*

*Mores egrigius mira exprimis Arte Magister,
Et vitam atque Homines Pagina quæque
sapit.*

*Socraticæ minor est vis, & Spientia Chartæ,
Nec tantum potuit grande Platonis Opus.*

Mrs. Pulteney knowing that I am writing
to you, charges me to present her services,
when I assure you that I am most faithfully
and sincerely

Your obedient humble servant,

W. PULTENEY.

LET-

L E T T E R CCCLXXVIII.

The Earl of O—— to Dr. SWIFT.

Caledon, December 17th, 1740.

DEAR SIR,

G R E A T men like you must expect numberless petitions, which, like *Jupiter*, you put to various uses; but wonder not, when there is a place vacant in your family, that every body is striving for the post. I mean your cathedral family; for we are told there is a vacancy in the chair. I am desired to recommend to you one * *James Colgan*, aged 25. His voice excellent, his behaviour good, his person indifferent, his recommendation to me irresistible. I beseech you let *Faulkner* give me an answer; for neither he nor I, nor the choir of lords, doctors, —— commons, &c. are worth your while to give yourself one moment's uneasiness about, if you are not well, and I am more than afraid you are not; only I must be enabled to say, I have mentioned him to you. My frozen fingers will only

* One of the vicars choral of *Christ Church* and *St. Patrick's* cathedrals, remarkable for his fine manner of singing,

serve

serve me to present lady O——'s most humble service to you, and the best wishes, prayers, and acknowledgments of all this family. I am, dear Sir, your ever obliged and obedient humble servant.

APPENDIX.

A P P E N D I X.

EXTRACT from Lord BOLINGBROKE's
WILL, in which his WRITINGS are
bequeathed to Mr. MALLET *.

AND whereas I am the author of the
several Books or Tracts following,
viz.

*Remarks on the History of England, from
the Minutes of Humphrey Oldcastle. In
twenty-four letters.*

*A Dissertation upon Parties. In nineteen
letters to Caleb D'Anvers, Esq;*

*The Occasional Writer. Number 1, 2,
and 3.*

The Vision of Camilik.

*An Answer to the London Journal of De-
cember 21, 1728, by John Trot.*

* The reasons for inserting this extract, and the
two letters that immediately follow, may be seen in
the note annexed to lord Bolingbroke's letter, dated
September 12, 1724, in this collection.

An

*Vol. 10.
p. 138.*

An Answer to the Defence of the Enquiry into the Reasons of the Conduct of Great Britain.

A final Answer to the Remarks on the Craftsman's Vindication.

All which Books or Tracts have been printed and published; and I am also the author of

Four Letters on History, &c.

Which have been privately printed, and not published; but I have not assigned to any person or persons whatsoever the copy, or the liberty of printing or reprinting any of the said books, or tracts, or letters. Now I do hereby, as far as by law I can, give and assign to *David Mallet*, of *Putney*, in the county of *Surry*, Esquire, the copy and copies of all and each of the before-mentioned books, or tracts, or letters, and the liberty of reprinting the same. I also give to the said *David Mallet* the copy and copies of all the manuscript books, papers, and writings, which I have written or composed, or shall write or compose, and leave at the time of my decease. And I further give to the said *David Mallet* all my books, which, at the time of my decease, shall be in the room called my library.

L E T

L E T T E R CCCLXXVIII.

Lord HYDE to DAVID MALLET, Esq.

Paris, March 7, N. S. 1752.

I LEARN from *England*, Sir, that lord *Bolingbroke* has left his manuscripts to you *. His friends must see with satisfaction those title-deeds of his reputation in the hands of the author of the life of the great lord *Bacon*; and you will have had the distinguished honour of having been guardian to the fame of two of the greatest geniuses which our country, and perhaps humanity, has produced; but with greater honour to you in this last instance, because you are such by the designation and choice of the author himself.

What works of his you may have for the public I know not. That, for which I was solicitous, because I believe it would be most instructive to the world, and might be most

* His lordship died 15 *December*, 1757. Lord *Hyde* having heard at *Paris* of lord *Bolingbroke's* legacy of all his writings, printed and manuscript, to Mr. *Mallet*, wrote from thence the above letter, the original of which was sent by the widow *Mallet*, with the manuscript of lord *Bolingbroke's* philosophical works to the *British Museum*, in order to justify her husband's integrity in the edition of them.

for his honour, he told me himself he had laid aside; I mean the history of the great transactions of *Europe* from the time when he began to consider and know them. There remains of that, I believe, no more than a summary review, which I had the good fortune some time ago to draw from him, upon an application which I made to him to direct me in the study of history. You will probably have seen that summary review, which is in a collection of letters upon history, which he did me the honour to write me. It is but a sketch of the work he had proposed to himself; but it is the sketch of lord *Bolingbroke*. He will probably have told you, that those letters were by his direction delivered up by me to Mr. *Pope*, who burnt, as he told me, the manuscripts, and printed off by a private press some very few copies, which were to be considered still as manuscripts, one of which Mr. *Pope* kept, and sent another to lord *Bolingbroke*. Sir *William Wyndham*, lord *Bathurst*, lord *Marchmont*, Mr. *Murry*, and Mr. *Lyttleton*, I think, had each one. I do not remember to have been told of any copies given, except to myself, who have always preserved mine, as I would a MS. which was not my own, observing not only the restrictions which lord *Bolingbroke* himself had recommended to me, but securing likewise,

wise, as far as I could, even in case of my death, that this work should never become public from that copy which is in my possession. I inlarge upon this, because I think myself particularly obliged, out of regard to lord *Bolingbroke*, to give this account of that work to the person whom he has intrusted with all his writings, in case you might not have known this particularity. And at the same time I think it my duty to the memory of lord *Bolingbroke*, to myself, and to the world too; to say something more to you in relation to this work.

It is a work, Sir, which will instruct mankind, and do honour to it's author; and yet I will take upon me to say, that for the sake of both, you must publish it with caution.

The greatest men have their faults, and sometimes the greatest faults; but the faults of superior minds are the least indifferent, both to themselves and to society. Humanity is interested in the fame of those who excelled in it; but it is interested before all in the good of society, and in the peace of the minds of the individuals that compose it. Lord *Bolingbroke's* mind embraced all objects, and looked far into all; but not without a strong mixture of passions, which will always necessarily beget some prejudices, and follow more. And on the subject of

Religion particularly (whatever was the motive that inflamed his passions upon that subject chiefly) his passions were the most strong; and I will venture to say (when called upon, as I think, to say what I have said more than once to himself, with the deference due to his age and extraordinary talents), his passions upon that subject did prevent his otherwise superior reason from seeing, that, even in a political light only, he hurt himself, and wounded society, by striking at establishments, upon which the conduct at least of society depends, and by striving to overturn in men's minds the systems which experience at least has justified, and which authority at least has rendered respectable, as necessary to public order and to private peace, without suggesting to their minds a better, or indeed any system.

You will find, Sir, what I say to be true in a part of the work I mentioned, where he digresses upon the criticism of church history.

While this work remained in the hands only of those I have mentioned (except as I have been telling you, to himself and to them in private conversation) I have otherwise been silent upon that subject; but I must now say to you, Sir, that for the world's sake and for his, that part of the work ought by no means to be communicated further.

further. And you see, that it is a digression not necessary to that work. If this digression should be made public, it will be censured, it must be censured, it ought to be censured. It will be criticised too by able pens, whose erudition, as well as their reasonings, will not be easily answered. In such a case, I shall owe to myself and to the world to disclaim publicly that part of a work, which he did me the honour to address to me; but I owe to the regard which he has sometimes expressed for me, to disclaim it rather privately to you, Sir, who are intrusted with his writings, and to recommend to you to suppress that part of the work, as a good citizen of the world, for the world's peace, as one intrusted and obliged by lord *Bolingbroke*, not to raise new storms to his memory. I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

H Y D E,

L E T T E R CCCLXXIX.

DAVID MALLET, Esq; to Lord
HYDE.

My Lord,

I RECEIVED a very real pleasure, and at the same time a sensible concern, from the letter your lordship has honoured me with. Nothing could be more agreeable to me than the favourable opinion of one, whom I have long admired for every quality that enters into an estimable and an amiable character; but then nothing can occasion me more uneasiness than not to be able to suppress that part of a work which you would have kept from public view.

The book was printed off before your lordship's letter reached my hands; but this consideration alone would have appeared trifling to me. I apprehend, that I cannot, without being unfaithful to the trust reposed in me, omit or alter any thing in those works, which my lord *Bolingbroke* had deliberately prepared for the press, and I will publish no other. As to this in particular, his repeated commands to me were, that it should be printed exactly according to the
copy

copy he himself, in all the leisure of retirement, had corrected with that view.

Upon the whole, if your lordship should think it necessary to disclaim the reflections on Sacred History, by which I presume is meant some public and authentic declaration, that your notions on this head differ intirely from those of your noble friend; even in this case I am sure you will do it with all the delicacy natural to your own disposition, and with all the tenderness to his memory, that the particular regard he always bore you can deserve. I am, with the greatest respect, my lord, &c.

L E T T E R CCCLXXX.*

Dr. S W I F T to W I L L I A M
P U L T E N E Y, Esq.

SIR, *Dublin, March 8, 1734.*

MR. *Stopford* †, going to *England* upon some particular affair, I gladly complied with his desire, that I should do myself the honour of writing to you, because, as useless as I am, and although I shall never have the happiness to see you,

* This letter, and the next, were communicated to the editor by general *Pulteney*.

† Afterwards bishop of *Cloyne*.

yet my ambition to have some small place in your memory, will live as long as myself.

I will do an unmannerly thing, which is, to bequeath you an epitaph for forty years hence in two words, *Ultimus Britannorum*. You never forsook your party. You might often have been as great as the court can make any man so; but you preserved your spirit of liberty, when your former colleagues had utterly sacrificed theirs; and, if it shall ever begin to breathe in these days, it must entirely be owing to yourself and one or two friends. But it is altogether impossible for any nation to preserve its liberty long under a tenth part of the present luxury, infidelity, and a million of corruptions. We see the *Gothic* system of limited monarchy is extinguished in all the nations of *Europe*. It is utterly extirpated in this wretched kingdom, and your's must be the next. Such hath ever been human nature, that a single man, without any superior advantages either of body or mind, but usually the direct contrary, is able to attack twenty millions, and drag them voluntary at his chariot wheels. But no more of this. I am as sick of the world as I am of age and disease, the last of which I am never wholly without. I live in a nation of slaves, who sell themselves for nothing. My revenues, though half sunk,
are

are sufficient to support me in some decency. And I have a few friends of great worth, who, when I visit them, or they me, agree together in *discover* [*discovering*] our utter detestation of all proceeding both here and there. *Hæc est vita solutorum misera ambitione gravique.* I am under the displeasure of the court for fixing up a true whig epitaph in my cathedral over the burying-place of old *Schomberg*, and for some other things of equal demerit or disaffection, wherewith I am charged; perhaps also for some verses laid to my charge, and published without my knowledge or consent, wherein you and another person are understood to be meant by initial letters.

I desire your pardon for the trouble I gave in recommending a gentleman to your protection, who hath an appeal before the house of lords, wherein I was prevailed on by an eminent * person in the law, who by a miracle was raised to the bench in these very times, although he be a man of virtue and learning in a great degree. Dear Sir, you have nothing to desire in this world but good health, good times, the prosperity of your family (wherein you have my constant prayers) and deserving friends. I have often said, that I never knew a more easy man to

* Counsellor *Lindsey*.

live with than yourself; and if you had only a poor forty thousand pounds a year, I would command you to settle one thousand of it on me to live in your next neighbourhood; but as for our friends at *Twickenham* and *Dawly*, I have told them plainly that they are both too speculative and temperate for me to accept their invitation, and infinitely too philosophical. The bearer Mr. *Stopford* hath such infinite obligations to you for your favours to him, and is in all respects so very deserving a gentleman, that I am sure you never repented the good office you have done him *it* [*at*] my recommendation. But he only attends you on perfect gratitude; for he knows very well you are what is now called a disaffected person. You are in the modern sense a friend to popery, arbitrary power, and the pretender; and therefore he has just politics enough not to trouble you with helping him by the hand to better preferment; and I pray God, while things continue as they are, that it may be never in your power to make a curate or an exciseman.

You will hear, perhaps, that *Faulkner* hath printed four volumes, which are called my works; he hath only prefixed the first letters of my name; it was done utterly against my will; for there is no property in printers or booksellers here, and I was not able

able to hinder it. I did imagine, that, after my death, the several *London* booksellers would agree among themselves to print what each of them had by common consent; but the man here hath prevented it, much to my vexation, for I would as willingly have it done even in *Scotland*. All this has vexed me not a little, as done in so obscure a place. I have never yet looked into them, nor I believe ever shall. You will find Mr. *Stopford* the same modest, virtuous, learned man that you last saw him; but with a few more years, and a great deal more flesh, beside the blessing of a wife and children. I desire to present my humble service to *your*. I pray God bless and assist you in your glorious endeavours for the preservation of your country, and remain with the truest respect, Sir, your most obedient, and obliged humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

You will see, by the many blunders, in words, syllables, and letters, what a condition my giddy head is in.

L E T-

L E T T E R CCCLXXXI.

Dr. S W I F T to W I L L I A M
P U L T E N E Y, Esq.

SIR, *Dublin, May 12th, 1735.*

MR. *Stepford* landed yesterday, and sent me the letter which you were pleased to honour me with. I have not yet seen him; for he called when I was not at home. The reason why I ventured to recommend him to your protection, was your being his old patron, to whom he is obliged for all the preferment he got in the church. He is one of the most deserving gentlemen in the country, and hath a tolerable provision, much more than persons of so much merit can in these times pretend to, in either kingdom. I love the duke of *Dorset* very well, having known him from his youth, and he hath treated me with great civility since he came into this government. It is true, his original principles, as well as his instructions from your side the water, make him act the usual part in managing this nation, for which he must be excused: yet I wish he would a little more consider, that people here might have some small share in employments civil and ecclesiastic, wherein my lord *Carteret*

teret acted a more popular part. The folks here, whom they call a parliament, will imitate your's in every thing, after the same manner as a monkey doth a human creature. If my health were not so bad, although my years be many, I fear I might outlive liberty in *England*. It hath continued longer than in any other monarchy, and must end as all others have done which were established by the *Goths*, and is now falling in the same manner that the rest have done. It is very natural for every king to desire unlimited power; it is as proper an object to their appetites as a wench to an abandoned young fellow, or wine to a drunkard. But what puzzles me is, to know how a man of birth, title, and fortune can find his account in making himself and his posterity slaves. They are paid for it; the court will restore what their luxury hath destroyed; I have nothing to object. But let me suppose a chief minister from a scanty fortune, almost eaten up with debts, acquiring by all methods, a monstrous over-grown estate, why he will still go on to endeavour making his master absolute, and thereby in the power of seizing all his possessions at his pleasure, and hanging or banishing him into the bargain. Therefore, if I were such a minister, I would act like a prudent gamester, and cut, as the sharpers call it, before luck began to change.

change. What if such a minister, when he had got two or three millions, would pretend conviction, seem to dread attempts upon liberty, and bring over all his forces to the country side? As to the lust of absolute power, I despair it can ever be cooled, unless princes had capacity to read the history of the *Roman* emperors, how many of them were murdered by their own army; and the same may be said of the *Ottomans* by their janissaries; and many other examples are easy to be found. If I were such a minister, I would go farther, and endeavour to be king myself. Such feats have happened among the petty tyrants of old *Greece*, and the worst that happened was only their being murdered for their pains.

I believe in my conscience that you have some mercenary end in all your endeavours to preserve the liberty of your country at the expence of your quiet, and of making all the villains in *England* your enemies. For you almost stand alone, and therefore are sure, if you succeed, to engross the whole glory of recovering a desperate constitution, given over by all it's other physicians. May God work a miracle, by changing the hearts of an abandoned people, whose hearts are waxen gross, whose ears are dull of hearing, and whose eyes have been

been closed; and may he continue you as his chief instrument, by whom this miracle is to be wrought.

I send this letter in a packet to Mr. *Pope*, and by a private hand. I pray God protect you against all your enemies; I mean those of your country; for you can have no other; and as you will never be weary of well doing, so may God give you long life and health the better to support you.

You are pleased to mention some volumes of what are called my works. I have looked on them very little. It is a great mortification to me, although I should not have been dissatisfied if such a thing had been done in *England* by booksellers agreeing among themselves. I never got a farthing by any thing I writ, except one about eight years ago, and that was by Mr. *Pope*'s prudent management *from* [*for*] me. Here the printers and booksellers have no property in their copies. The printer * applied to my friends, and got many things from *England*. The man was civil and humble, but I had no dealings with him, and therefore he consulted some friends, who were readier to direct him than I desired they should. I saw one

* *George Faulkner.*

poem on you and a great minister, and was not sorry to find it there.

I fear you are tired; I cannot help it; nor could avoid the convenience of writing, when I might be in no danger of post-officers. I am, Sir, with the truest respect and esteem, your most obedient and obliged humble servant,

J. S W I F T.

I desire to present my most humble respects to Mrs. *Pulteney*.

LET-

L E T T E R S

O F

UNCERTAIN DATE.

L E T T E R CCCLXXXII.

Dr. SWIFT to Lord ARRAN,

MY LORD,

1729.

I AM earnestly desired, by some worthy friends of mine, to write to your lordship in favour of the bearer Mr. *Moore*, minister of *Clonmel*, who will have the honour to present this letter to your lordship. Those rectorial tythes of *Clonmel* were granted to the church by letters patents from king *Charles* the second, with the perfect knowledge and full approbation of your great ancestor, the first duke of *Ormond*, then lord

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lieutenant

lieutenant of *Ireland*. Notwithstanding which, some of the former agents to your lordship's family have greatly distressed the incumbent ministers of *Clonmel*, which is generally believed to be without the knowledge of his present grace the duke your brother (whom God long preserve). But your lordship's present agent being extremely vigilant of all your lordship's interests, hath lately renewed the claim of the *Ormond* family to those tythes, and was at the last assizes, after a long hearing of six hours, nonsuited. The living of *Clonmel* is one of the largest and yet poorest parishes in this kingdom, being upon the whole (including the valuation of the houses) scarce worth one hundred pounds a year, out of which, a curate-assistant being absolutely necessary on account of it's extent, a salary of forty pounds must be paid.

My lord, your lordship's family hath been always distinguished, for their favour and protection to the established church, under her greatest persecutions, nor have you in the universal opinion ever degenerated from them. Those tythes in and about *Clonmel* are very inconsiderable, having never been let for above twenty-four pounds a year, made up of very small pittances collected from a great number of the poorest people; so that the recovery of them by an expensive law-

law-suit, if it could be effected, would not be worth attempting.

Mr. *Moore* is recommended to me by several persons of great worth (as I have already observed) and I hope I have not hitherto forfeited the credit I had with you.

My humble request therefore to your lordship is, that the minister of *Clonmel* may, without disturbance, enjoy that small addition to his support, which the king and your grandfather intended for him.

I have always understood and believed that the duke your brother's retiring hath not lessened your fortune, but increased it; and as to his grace, unless all our intelligence be false, he is as easy as he desires to be. I heard of several persons who have ventured to wait on him abroad, and it is agreed that his grace is perfectly easy in his mind and fortune.

Upon the whole, I do earnestly desire your lordship to resign those poor scraps of tythes in and about *Clonmel* to Mr. *Moore* and his successors in a legal form for ever. Your loss will be at most but twenty-four pounds a year, and that, with a thousand difficulties, infinitely below your generosity and quality.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R . CCCLXXXIII.

To Dr. S W I F T.

Indorsed ' Lady *Bolingbroke*.'

MR. *Pope* m'a fait grand plaisir, monsieur, de m'assurer que votre santé est bonne; et de me montrer dans une de vos lettres des marques de l'honneur de votre souvenir. Je trouve que vous prenez fort mal votre tems d'habiter votre *Dublin* pendant que nous habitons notre *Dawley*. Nous aurions eu grand soin de vous cet hiver, et nous aurions haï ensemble le genre humain, autant qu'il vous auroit plû, car Je trouve qu'il n'embellit point au croître. On a fait deux pieces de theatre en *France*, tirée soit disant des idées de *Gulliver*. Je ne vous les envoie point, car elles sont detestables: Mais cela prouve au moins, que ce bon voyageur a si bien reussi chez nous, qu'on a crû, qu'en met tant seulement son nom aux plus mauvaises pieces, on les rendroit recommandables au publique. Notre fermier vous embrasse: il a plaint et boude de ce que vous etiez parti sans qu'il ait pu vous dire adieu; et de ce qu'il a vu une de vos lettres, ou vous ne dites pas un mot pour luy: mais jè vous
croye

croye comme les coquettes, qui se fiant a leurs charmes ne s'embarassent pas de leurs torts. En effet ils vous feront pardonnés a la premiere lettre et encore plus aisement a la premiere esperance de vous revoir. Adieu, monsieur, portez vous bien et nous serons content. Je ne m'aviseray pas de vous mander des nouvelles de ce pays ci; Je suis étrangere de plus en plus, et Je ne ferois tentée de me faire naturaliser, que dans ceux où Je pourrois vivre avec vous.

L E T T E R CCCLXXXIV.

Duchess of HAMILTON to
Dr. S W I F T.

Dear Dean,

Wednesday.

WHEN we were together last, I remember we spoke of a certain stanza, which you suspected me parent of, by reason there were some things in it, you were sure I would have said twelve years ago. If this be a rule, I am certain you are not dean *Swift*; for twelve years ago your promised letter had not been so long in coming to me. All I can say is, I wish you had been twelve years ago what I wish you now, and that you were now what you was twelve years ago to Your real friend and humble servant,

E. HAMILTON.

L E T T E R CCCLXXXV.

Duke of WHARTON * to Dr. SWIFT.

Dear Dean,

Monday Morning.

I SHALL embark for *England* tomorrow. It would be necessary for me to

**Philip Wharton*, Son of *Thomas*, Earl of *Wharton*, was created by King *George I.* Duke of *Wharton* in *England*, and Marquis of *Carlow* in *Ireland*, before he was of age, and took his seat in both Houses. He fled from *England* in that reign, entered into the service of *Spain* when they were besieging *Gibraltar*, where he was wounded in the heel ; went afterwards to *Madrid*, turned *Roman Catholic*, married a lady of *Ireland*, maid of honour to the queen of *Spain*, and soon after went to *Paris*, where he died in very great necessity. He wrote a political paper, called *The True Briton*. See his character by Mr. *Pope* in the following lines :

Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
 Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise :
 Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
 Women and fools must like him, or he dies ;
 Tho' wond'ring senates hung on all he spoke,
 The club must hail him master of the joke.
 Shall parts so various aim at nothing new ?
 He'll shine a *Tully* and a *Wilmot* too.
 Then turns repentant, and his God adores
 With the same spirit that he drinks and whores ;
 Enough if all around him but admire,
 And now the punk applaud, and now the fryer.
 Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
 And wanting nothing but an honest heart ;

Grown

to take leave of lord † *Moleſworth* on many accounts: and as ‡ *Young* is engaged in town, I muſt infallibly go alone, unleſs your charity extends itſelf to favour me with your company there this morning.

I beg you would ſend me your answer, and believe me ſincerely, your faithful friend and ſervant,

WHARTON.

P. S. If you condeſcend ſo far, come to me about eleven of the clock.

Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt;
And moſt contemptible, to ſhun contempt;
His paſſion ſtill, to covet gen'ral praiſe,
His life, to forfeit it a thouſand ways;
A conſtant bounty which no friend has made;
An angel tongue, which no man can perſuade;
A fool, with more of wit than half mankind,
Too raſh for thought, for action too refin'd:
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
A rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies, ſad out-caſt of each church and ſtate,
And, harder ſtill! flagitious, yet not great.
Ask you why *Wharton* broke thro' ev'ry rule?
'Twas all for fear the Knaves ſhould call him Fool.

† *Richard Moleſworth*, who had been ambaffador at *Denmark*, and wrote an account of that kingdom, was created lord viſcount *Moleſworth of Swords*, in the county of *Dublin*, and baron *Philipſtown*, in the *King's County*, July 16, 1716, 2d of *George I.*

‡ *Rev. Dr. Edward Young*, author of *Busiris*, and the *Revenge*, both Tragedies; *The Universal Paſſion*, *Night Thoughts*, *The Centaur*, &c.

Letters communicated after the former Part of this Work was printed.

L E T T E R CCCLXXXVI.

Part of a Letter of VANESSA's, from
Dublin, in 1714.

YOU once had a maxim, which was, to act what was right, and not mind what the world would say. I wish you would keep to it now. Pray what can be wrong in seeing and advising an unhappy young woman? I cannot imagine. You cannot but know, that your frowns make my life unsupportable. You have taught me to distinguish, and then you leave me miserable. Now, all I beg is, that you will for once counterfeit (since you cannot otherwise) that indulgent friend you once were, till I get the better of these difficulties.

L E T.

L E T T E R CCCLXXXVII.

Miss VANHOMRIGH to Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, 1714.

YOU bid me be easy, and you would see me as often as you could. You had better have said, as often as you could get the better of your inclinations so much; or as often as you remembered there was such a one in the world. If you continue to treat me as you do, you will not be made uneasy by me long. It is impossible to describe what I have suffered since I saw you last. I am sure I could have bore the rack much better, than those killing, killing words of your's. Sometimes I have resolved to die without seeing you more; but those resolves, to your misfortune, did not last long. For there is something in human nature, that prompts one so to find relief in this world. I must give way to it: and beg you'd see me and speak kindly to me, for I am sure, you'd not condemn any one to suffer what I have done, could you but know it. The reason I write to you is, because I cannot tell it to you should I see you. For when I begin to complain, then you are angry; and there is something in your looks so
awful,

awful, that it strikes me dumb. Oh ! that you may have but so much regard for me left, that this complaint may touch your soul with pity. I say as little as ever I can ; did you but know what I thought, I am sure it would move you to forgive me, and believe, I cannot help telling you this, and live*.

* A letter from Dr. *Swift*, dated *Philipstown, Nov. 5, 1714*, says, that he was going to a friend upon a promise, being then a mile from *Trim*, when Miss *Vanhomrigh's* servant overtook him with a letter. She was then at *Kildroghid*, and would go to town on the *Monday* following, to her lodging in *Turnstile-Alley*. He concludes thus : " I have rode a tedious journey to-day, and can say no more. Nor shall you know where I am 'till I come, and then I will see you. A fig for your letters and messages. Adieu."

L E T-

L E T T E R CCCLXXXVIII.

Dr. S W I F T to V A N E S S A.

May 12, 1719.

JE vous fais des complimens sur votre perfection dans la langue Françoise. Il faut vous connoître long temps avant de connoître toutes vos perfections; toujours en vous voyant et entendant, il en paroît des nouvelles, qui estoient auparavant cachées; il est honteux pour moy de ne scavoir que le gascon et le patois, au prix de vous. Il n'y a rien à redire dans l'ortographie, la propriété, l'élégance, le douceur et l'esprit. Et que je suis sot moy de vous repondre en mesme langage, vous qui estes incapable d'aucune sottise, si ce n'est l'estime qu'il vous plaist d'avoir pour moy; car il n'y a point de merite, ni aucun preuve de mon bon gout de trouver en vous tout ce que la nature a donnée a un mortel, je veux dire l'honneur, la vertue, le bon sens, l'esprit, le douceur, l'agrement et la fermeté d'ame; mais en vous cachant, commes vous faites, le monde ne vous connoit pas, et vous perdez l'eloge des millions de gens. Depuis que j'ay l'honneur de vous connoître, j'ay toujours remarqué que ni en conversation particuliere, ni generale, aucun mot a echappé

a échappé de votre bouche, qui pouvoit être mieux exprimé. Et je vous jure, qu'en faisant souvent la plus sévère critique, je ne pouvois jamais trouver aucun défaut en vos actions, ni en vos paroles : la coquetterie, l'affectation, la pruderie sont des imperfections que vous n'avez jamais connues. Et avec tout cela, croyez vous, qu'il est possible de ne vous estimer au dessus du reste du genre humain. Quelles bestes en jupes sont les plus excellentes de celles, que je vois semées dans le monde, au prix de vous : en les voyant, en les entendant, je dis cent fois le jour ; ne parlez, ne regardez, ne pensez, ne faites rien comme ces misérables. Quelle calamité de faire mépriser autans de gens, qui sans songer de vous, seroient assez supportables : mais il est temps de vous delasser, et de vous dire Adieu : avec tout le respect, la sincérité, et l'estime du monde je suis et feray toujours,

L E T.

L E T T E R CCCLXXXIX.

Miss VANHOMRIGH to Dr. SWIFT.

Sellbridge, 1720.

BE L I E V E me, it is with the utmost regret that I now complain to you, because I know your good-nature such, that you cannot see any human creature miserable without being sensibly touched. Yet what can I do? I must either unload my heart, and tell you all it's griefs, or sink under the inexpressible distress I now suffer by your prodigious neglect of me. It is now ten long weeks since I saw you; and in all that time, I have never received but one letter from you, and a little note with an excuse. Oh! have you forgot me? You endeavour by severities to force me from you. Nor can I blame you; for with the utmost distress and confusion, I beheld myself the cause of uneasy reflections to you: yet I cannot comfort you, but here declare, that it is not in the power of art, time or accident, to lessen the inexpressible passion which I have for —. Put my passion under the utmost restraint; send me as distant from you as the earth will allow, yet you cannot banish those charming ideas which will ever stick by me, whilst
I have

I have the use of memory: nor is the love I bear you only seated in my soul; for there is not a single atom of my frame that is not blended with it. Therefore, do not flatter yourself that separation will ever change my sentiments; for I find myself unquiet in the midst of silence, and my heart is at once pierced with sorrow and love. For heaven's sake, tell me, what has caused this prodigious change in you, which I have found of late? If you have the least remains of pity for me left, tell it me tenderly. No—do not tell it so that it may cause my present death. And do not suffer me to live a life like a languishing death, which is the only life I can lead, if you have lost any of your tenderness for me.

L E T T E R CCCXC.

Miss VANHOMRIGH to Dr. SWIFT.

Part of a Letter written in the Year 1720.

IS it possible, that again you will do the very same thing I warned you of so lately? I believe you thought I only raillied, when I told you the other night, that I would pester you with letters. Once more I advise you, if you have any regard for your quiet,
to

to alter your behaviour quickly, for I do assure you, I have too much spirit to sit down contented with this treatment. Because I love frankness extremely, I here tell you now, that I have determined to try all manner of human arts to reclaim you ; and if all those fail, I am resolved to have recourse to the black one, which, it is said, never does. Now see what inconveniency you will bring both yourself and me into. Pray think calmly of it, is it not much better to come off yourself, than to be brought by force, and that perhaps at a time when you have the most agreeable engagement in the world : for when I undertake any thing, I don't love to do it by halves.

L E T T E R CCCXCI.

Dr. SWIFT to Miss VANHOMRIGH.

IF you write as you do I shall come the seldomer, on purpose to be pleased with your letters, which I never look into without wondering how a brat that cannot read can possibly write so well. You are mistaken : send me a letter without your hand on the outside, and I hold you a crown I shall not read it. But raillery apart, I think it inconvenient, for a hundred reasons, that I should

should make your house a sort of constant dwelling place. I will certainly come as often as I conveniently can ; but my health, and the perpetual run of ill weather, hinders me from going out in the morning ; and my afternoons are taken up I know not how, that I am in rebellion with a dozen of people beside yourself, for not seeing them. For the rest, you need make use of no other black art besides your ink. It is a pity your eyes are not black, or I would have said the same : but you are a white witch, and can do no mischief. If you have employed any of your art on the black scarf, I defy it, for one reason——guess. Adieu.

LETTER CCCXCII.

Dr. SWIFT to Miss VANHOMRIGH.

I RECEIVED your letter when some company was with me on *Saturday* night, and it put me in such confusion that I could not tell what to do. This morning a woman, who does business for me, told me she heard I was in love with one — naming you, and twenty particulars ; that little Master —— and I visited you ; and that the archbishop did so ; and that you had abundance of wit, &c. I ever feared the tattle of this
nafty

naſty town, and told you ſo: and that was the reaſon why I ſaid to you long ago, that I would ſee you ſeldom when you were in *Ireland*; and I muſt beg you to be eaſy, if, for ſome time, I viſit you ſeldomer, and not in ſo particular a manner. I will ſee you at the latter-end of the week, if poſſible. Theſe are accidents in life that are neceſſary, and muſt be ſubmitted to; and tattle, by the help of diſcretion, will wear off.

L E T T E R CCCXCIII.

MISS VANHOMRIGH to Dr. SWIFT.

Sellbridge, 1720.

TELL me ſincerely, if you have once wiſhed with earneſtneſs to ſee me, ſince I wrote to you: no, ſo far from that, you have not once pitied me, though I told you how I was diſtreſſed. Solitude is inſupportable to a mind which is not eaſy. I have worn out my days in fighting, and my nights with watching, and thinking of —, who thinks not of me. How many letters ſhall I ſend you before I receive an answer? Can you deny me, in my miſery, the only comfort which I can expect at preſent? Oh! that I could hope to ſee you here, or that I could go to you. I was

born with violent passions, which terminate all in one, that unexpressible passion I have for you. Consider the killing emotions which I feel from your neglect of me; and shew some tenderness for me, or I shall lose my senses. Sure you cannot possibly be so much taken up, but you might command a moment to write to me, and force your inclinations to so great a charity. I firmly believe, if I could know your thoughts (which no human creature is capable of guessing at, because never any one living thought like you) I should find you had often, in a rage, wished me religious, hoping then I should have paid my devotions to heaven: but that would not spare you; for were I an enthusiast, still you'd be the deity I should worship. What marks are there of a deity, but what you are to be known by? You are at present every where: your dear image is always before my eyes. Sometimes you strike me with that prodigious awe I tremble with fear: at other times a charming compassion shines through your countenance, which revives my soul. Is it not more reasonable to adore a radiant form one has seen, than one only described?

LET-

L E T T E R CCCXCIV.

Part of an answer from CADENUS to
VANESSA *.

IF you knew how many little difficulties there are in sending letters to you, it would remove five parts in six of your quarrel. But since you lay hold of my promises, and are so exact to the day, I shall promise you no more, and rather chuse to be better than my word than worse. I am confident you came chiding into the world, and will continue so while you are in it. I wonder what *Mobkin* † meant by shewing you my letter. I will write to her no more, since she can keep secrets no better. It was the first love-letter I have writ these dozen years; and since I have so ill success, I will write no more. Never was a belle passion so defeated. But the governour, I hear, is jealous; and, upon your word, you have a vast deal to say to me about it. Mind your nurse-keeping: do your duty, and leave off your huffing. One would think you were in

* This letter has no date; but it must have been written in the life-time of Miss *Mary Vanhomrigh*, *Vanessa's* sister, who died in 1717, because she is desired to mind her nurse-keeping.

† Miss *Mary Vanhomrigh*.

love, by dating your letter *August 29*, by which means I received it just a month before it was written. You do not find I answer your questions to your satisfaction: Prove to me first that it was even possible to answer any thing to your satisfaction, so as that you would not grumble in half an hour. I am glad my writing puzzles you, for then your time will be employed in finding it out: and I am sure it costs me a great many thoughts to make my letters difficult. Yesterday I was half way towards you where I dined, and returned weary enough. I asked where that road to the left led, and they named the place. I wish your letters were as difficult as mine, for then they would be of no consequence, if they were dropped by careless messengers. A stroke ——— signifies every thing that may be said to *Cad*—— at beginning or conclusion. It is I who ought to be in a huff, that any thing written by *Cad*—— should be difficult to *Skinmage*.

L E T-

L E T T E R CCCXCV.

Dr. SWIFT to VANESSA.

October 15, 1720.

I SIT down with the first opportunity I have to write to you, and the Lord knows when I can find conveniency to send this letter; for all the morning I am plagued with impertinent visits, below any man of sense or honour to endure, if it were any way avoidable. Dinners, and afternoons and evenings are spent abroad in walking, to keep and avoid spleen as far as I can: so that when I am not so good a correspondent as I could wish, you are not to quarrel and be governor; but to impute it to my situation, and to conclude infallibly, that I have the same respect and kindness for you I ever professed to have, and shall ever preserve, because you will always merit the utmost that can be given you, especially if you go on to read and still further improve your mind, and the talents that nature hath given you. I am in much concern for poor *Mobkin*; and the more, because I am sure you are so too. You ought to be as cheerful as you can, for both our sakes, and read pleasant things that will make you laugh, and not sit mopeing

Q 3

with

with your elbows on your knees on a little stool by the fire. It is most infallible that riding would do *Mobkin* more good than any other thing, provided fair days and warm cloaths be provided: and so it would to you; and if you lose any skin, you know *Job* says, skin for skin will a man give for his life. It is either *Job* or *Satan* says so, for aught you know. I am getting an ill head in this cursed town, for want of exercise. I wish I were to walk with you fifty times about your garden, and then drink your coffee. I was sitting last night with half a score of both sexes for an hour, and grew as weary as a dog. Every body grows silly and disagreeable, or I grow monkish and splenetick; which is the same thing. Conversation is full of nothing but South Sea, and the ruin of the kingdom, and scarcity of money.

L E T-

L E T T E R CCCXCVI.

Dr. S W I F T to V A N E S S A.

*Gallstown, near Kinnegad, July the
5th, 1721.*

IT was not convenient, hardly possible, to write to you before now, though I had a more than ordinary desire to do it, considering the disposition I found you in last; though I hope I left you in a better. I must here beg you take more care of your health by company and exercise, or else the spleen will get the better of you, than which there is not a more foolish or troublesome disease, and what you have no pretences to in the world, if all the advantages of life can be any defence against it. *Cadenus* ——— assures me, he continues to esteem, and love, and value you above all things, and so will do to the end of his life; but at the same time intreats that you would not make yourself or him unhappy by imaginations. The wisest men of all ages have thought it the best course to seize the minutes as they fly, and to make every innocent action an amusement. If you knew how I struggle for a little health, what uneasiness I am at in riding and walking, and refraining from every

Q 4

thing

thing agreeable to my taste, you would think it but a small thing to take a coach now and then, and to converse with fools or impertinents to avoid spleen and sickness. Without health you will lose all desire of drinking coffee, and be so low as to have no spirits. Pray write to me cheerfully, without complaints or expostulations, or else *Cadenus* shall know it, and punish you. What is this world without being as easy in it as prudence and fortune can make it? I find it every day more silly and insignificant, and I conform myself to it for my own ease. I am here as deeply employed in other folk's plantations and ditches, as if they were my own concern; and think of my absent friends with delight, and hopes of seeing them happy, and of being happy with them. Shall you, who have so much honour and good sense, act otherwise, to make *Cad*—— and yourself miserable. Settle your affairs, and quit this scoundrel island, and things will be as you desire. I can say no more, being called away. *Mais soyez assurée, que jamais personne au monde n'a été aimée, honorée, estimée, adorée par votre ami que vous.* I have drank no coffee since I left you, nor intend it 'till I see you again: there is none worth drinking but your's, if myself may be the judge. Adieu.

L E T-

L E T T E R CCCXCVII.

Dr. SWIFT to VANESSA.

Clogher, June the 1st, 1722.

THE weather has been so constantly bad that I have wanted all the healthy advantages of the country, and it seems likely to continue so. It would have been infinitely better once a week to have met at *Kendal*, and so forth, where one might pass three or four hours in drinking coffee in the morning, or dining *tete a tete*, drinking coffee again 'till seven. God send you through your lawsuit, and your reference. And remember that riches are nine parts in ten of all that is good in life, and health is the tenth; drinking coffee comes long after, and yet it is the eleventh; but without the two former you cannot drink it right: and remember the china in the old house, and *Rider-street*, and the colonel's journey to *France*, and the *London* wedding, and the sick lady at *Kensington*, and the indisposition at *Windsor*, and the strain by the box of books at *London*. Last year I writ you civilities, and you were angry. This year I will write you none, and you will be angry; yet my thoughts
were

were still the same. — *Croyez que je serois toujours tout ce que vous desirez. Adieu.*

L E T T E R CCCXCVIII.

Dr. S W I F T to V A N E S S A.

Loughgall, County of Armagh, July
13, 1722.

I AM well pleased with the account of your visit, and the behaviour of the ladies. I see every day as silly things among both sexes, and yet endure them for the sake of amusement. The worst thing in you and me is, that we are too hard to please; and whether we have not made ourselves so, is the question, at least I believe we have the same reason. One thing that I differ from you in, is, that I do not quarrel with my best friends. I believe you have ten angry passages in your letter, and every one of them enough to spoil two days a-piece of riding and walking. We differ prodigiously in one point; I fly from the spleen to the world's end; you run out of your way to meet it. I doubt the bad weather has hindered you much from the diversions of your country house, and put you upon thinking in your chamber. The use I have made of it, was to read, I know not how many, diverting books

books of history and travels. I wish you would get yourself a horse, and have always two servants to attend you, and visit your neighbours; the worse the better: there is a pleasure in being revered; and that is always in your power, by your superiority of sense, and an easy fortune. The best maxim I know in this life is, to drink your coffee when you can; and when you cannot, to be easy without it: while you continue to be splenetick, count upon it, I will always preach. Thus much I sympathize with you, that I am not cheerful enough to write; for I believe coffee, once a week, is necessary to that. I can sincerely answer all your questions as I used to do; but then I give all possible way to amusements, because they preserve my temper, as exercise does my health; and without health and good humour I had rather be a dog. I have shifted scenes oftener than ever I did in my life, and I believe have lain in thirty beds since I left town, and always drew up the cloaths with my left hand; which is a superstition I have learned these ten years. I long to see you in figure and equipage. Pray do not lose that taste. Farewel.

L E T.

L E T T E R CCCXCIX.

Dr. SWIFT to Miss VANHOMRIGH.

August 7, 1722.

I AM this hour leaving my present residence; and if I fix any where I shall let you know it.

A long vacation.—Law lies asleep, and bad weather. How do you wear away the time? Is it among the groves and fields of your country seat, or among your cousins in town? or thinking in a train that will be sure to vex you; and then reaping, and forming teasing conclusions from mistaken thoughts? The best companion for you is a philosopher; whom you would regard as much as a sermon. I have read more trash since I left you, than would fill all your shelves, and am abundantly the better for it, though I scarce remember a syllable. What a foolish thing is time? and how foolish is man, who would be as angry if time stopt, as if it passed? But I will not proceed at this rate; for I am writing, and thinking myself fast into the spleen, which is the only thing I would not compliment you by imitating. So adieu 'till the next place I fix in.

L E T -

L E T T E R CCCC.

By Dr. SWIFT; but when, or to whom written, is uncertain.

EVERY squire, almost to a man, is an oppressor of the clergy; a racker of his tenants; a jobber of all publick works; very proud, and generally illiterate. Two neighbouring squires, although they be intimate friends, relations, or allies, if one of them want one hundred foot of the other's land contiguous to his own, which would make any building square, or his garden uniform (without the least inconveniency to the other) he shall be absolutely refused; or (as the utmost mark of friendship) shall be forced to pay for it twenty times more than the value. This they call, paying for your conveniency: which is directly contrary to the very letter of an ancient heathen maxim in morality—That whatever benefit we can confer upon another, without injuring ourselves, we are bound to do it to a perfect stranger. The squires take the titles of great men, with as little ceremony, as *Alexander* or *Cæsar*. For instance, the great
Conolly,

* *Conolly*, — the great † — *Wesely*, the great ‡ *Damer*.

A fellow, whose father was a butcher, desiring a lawyer to be a referee in some little brangle between him and his neighbour, complained that the lawyer excused himself in the following manner: Sir, I am your most humble servant; but dare not venture to interfere in the quarrels of you great men: which I take to be just of a piece with *Harlequin's* swearing upon his honour. Jealousies, quarrels, and other ruptures, are as frequent between neighbouring squires, and from the same motives: the former brangling about their mears and bounds, as the others do about their frontiers. The detestable tyranny and oppression of landlords, are visible in every part of the kingdom.

* Speaker of the House of Commons, one of the Lords Justices, and a commissioner of the revenue in Ireland.

† *Garret Wesely*, Esq; who left a very large estate to his nigh relation, *Richard Cowley*, Esq; upon his taking the name of *Wesely*, and wearing the arms, who afterwards was created Lord Baron *Mornington*, July the 9th, 1746, 20th of *George II.* afterwards Earl of *Mornington*.

‡ *Joseph Damer*, of the county of *Tipperary*, Esq; who left a very large estate to his nephews; the eldest of whom hath a nephew, now Lord *Milton*, of the kingdom of Ireland, July, 1766.

L E T T E R C C C C I.

Dr. S W I F T to the Reverend Mr.
W O R R A L L.

Gallstown, September the 14th, 1721.

Dear Jack,

I Answered your letter long ago, and have little to say at present. I believe I shall be in town by the beginning of next month, although a fit of good weather would tempt me a week longer; for I never saw or heard of so long a continuance of bad, which has hindered me from several little rambles I intended; * but I row or ride every day, in spite of the rain, in spite of a broken skin, and falling into the lakes, and several other trifling accidents. Pray what have you done with the *Litchfield* man? Hath he mended his voice, or is he content to sit down with his † *Christchurch* preferment? I doubt Mrs. *Brent* will be at a loss about her ‡ industry-books, for want of a new leaf, with a list

* See the *Gallstown Journal*, a poem, vol. II.

† One of the Cathedral Churches in *Dublin*.

‡ The book wherein she kept the account of the money lent by Dr. *Swift* to poor industrious tradesmen, in small sums, without interest.

drawn

drawn of the debtors. I know you are such a bungler you cannot do it, and therefore I desire that you would, in a loose sheet of paper, make a survey list in your bungling manner, as soon as she wants it, and let that serve 'till I come. Present my service to Mrs. *Worrall*; I wonder how you and she, and your heir *, have spent the summer, and how often you have been at † *Dunleary*, and whether you have got her another horse, and whether she hates dying and the country as much as ever.—Desire Mrs. *Brent*, if a messenger goes from hence, to give him my fustian waistcoat, because the mornings grow cold. I have now and then some threatenings with my head; but have never been absolutely giddy above a minute, and cannot complain of my health, I thank God. Pray send them inclosed to the post-office. I hear you have let your house to Mrs. *Dep-ping*, who will be a good tenant if she lives. I suppose your new house is finished, and if Mrs. *Worrall* does not air it well, it may get you a new wife, which I would not have you tell her, because it will do the business better than a boat at ‡ *Dalky*. I hope you

* Mrs. *Fairbrother*.

† A village on the sea-side, near *Dublin*.

‡ A most delightful island, within six or seven miles of *Dublin*.

have

have ordered an account of absent vicars, and that their behaviour has not been so bad as usual during my sickness in town; if so, I have but an ill sub-dean. I am, Sir, your's, &c.

P. S. Tell Mrs. *Brent*, that, if *Loyd* agrees, I will but be glad one of his hogheads was left unrack'd.

L E T T E R CCCCII.

Dr. S W I F T to the Reverend Mr.
W O R R A L L.

Quilca, July the 12th, 1725.

I HAVE received your letter, and thank you heartily for it. I know not any body, except yourself, who would have been at so much trouble to assist me, and who could have so good success, which I take as kindly as if you had saved me from utter ruin. Although I have witnesses that I acted with indifferency enough, when I was sure I was not worth a groat besides my goods. There appears to be only one hundred pounds remaining, according to my account, (except this last quarter) and if I lose it, it is a trifle in comparison of what you have recovered for me. Mr. * *Pratt* hath acted very gene-

* Deputy vice-treasurer of *Ireland*.

rously, and like a true friend, as I always took him to be; and I have likewise good witnesses to swear, that I was more concerned at his misfortunes than my own. And so repeating my thanks to you, but not able to express them as I ought, I shall say no more on this subject, only that you may enquire where the money may be safely put out at six pounds *per cent*. I beg pardon that I did not compute the interest of Sir *William Fownes's* money, which reduces what is due to me about fifty-nine pounds.—All of consequence is my note to him for one hundred pounds.

I gave over all hopes of my hay, as much as I did of my money; for I reckoned the weather had ruined it; but your good management can conquer the weather. But * *Charles Grattan*, the critic, says the cocks are too large, considering the bad weather, and that there is danger they may heat. You know best.

Mrs. *Johnson* says you are an ill manager; for you have lost me above three hundred apples, and only saved me twelve hundred pounds.

Do not tell me of difficulties how to keep the — from the wall-fruit *. You have

* Formerly a fellow of *Trinity-College, Dublin*, and afterwards master of the free-school at *Enniskillen*.

† In *Naboth's* vineyard.

got so ill a reputation by getting my money, that I can take no excuse; and I will have the thing effectually done, though it should cost me ten groats. Pray let the ground be levelled as you please, as it must likewise be new dunged as good husbandry requires; friend *Ellis* will assist you.

I am quite undone by the knavery of *Sherriff* and *White*, and all you have done for me with Mr. *Pratt* signifies nothing, if I must lose ten pounds.

I had your letter about Mrs. *Johnson's* money, and she thanks you for your care; and says, considering her poverty, you have done as much for her as for me. But I thought my letter to you was enough, without a letter of attorney; for all money matters I am the greatest cully alive.

Little good may do you with your favourable weather; we have had had but five good days these twelve weeks.

The ladies are pretty well; but Mrs. *Johnson*, after a fortnight's great amendment, had yesterday a very bad day; she is now much better. They both present their humble service to Mrs. *Worrall*, and so do I, and am ever yours, &c.

* *Jo.* who brings you this, desired me to lend him twenty pounds, which I very pru-

* Mr. *Beaumont*, an eminent tallow-chandler, at *Trim*, in the county of *Meath*.

dently refused; but said, if he would leave the worth of it in soap and candles in the deanry-house, Mrs. *Brent* viewing them, I would empower you, as I do hereby, to pay him twenty pounds, and place it to my account.

JONATH. SWIFT.

Pray desire Mrs. *Brent* to have ready a hoghead of bottles packed up as usual, of the same wine with the last she sent, and the next carrier shall have orders to call for it.

Let Mrs. *Brent* take out what candles or soap are necessary for the ladies, and only as much as will empty two of the boxes, that *Jo.* may have them; I mean out of those boxes which he is to leave at the deanry for my security for the twenty pounds, which he is to receive from you.

L E T.

L E T T E R CCCCIII.

Dr. S W I F T to the Reverend Mr.
W O R R A L L, in *Skip-street*.

Quilca, August the 27th, 1725.

I WAS heartily sorry to hear you had got the gout, being a disease you have so little pretence to; for you have been all your life a great walker, and a little drinker. Although it be no matter how you got your disease, since it was not by your vices; yet I do not love to think I was an instrument, by leading you a walk of eight or nine miles, where your pride to shew your activity in leaping down a ditch hurt your foot in such a manner, as to end in your present disease.

I have not yet heard of Mr. *Webb*, and if he should come here, I can do nothing with him; for I shall not take my own judgment, but leave it to some able lawyer to judge and recommend the security; for now it is time for me to learn some worldly wisdom.

I thank you for the purchase you have made of *Bristol* beer; it will soon pay for itself, by saving me many a bottle of wine; but I am afraid it is not good for your gout.

My deafness has left me above three weeks, and therefore I expect a visit from it soon; and it is somewhat less vexatious here in the country, because none are about me but those who are used to it.

Mrs. *Worrall*'s observation is like herself; she is an absolute corrupted city lady, and does not know the pleasures of the country, even of this place, with all its millions of inconveniencies. But Mrs. *Dingley* is of her opinion, and would rather live in a *Dublin* cellar than a country palace.

I would fain have a shed thrown up in the farthest corner of *Naboth's* vineyard, towards the lower end of *Skebb's* garden, 'till I can find leisure and courage to build a better in the center of the field. Can it be done?

The weather continues as foul as if there had not been a day of rain in the summer, and it will have some very ill effect on the kingdom.

I gave *Jack Grattan* * the papers corrected, and I think half spoiled by the cowardly caution of him and others. He promised to transcribe them time enough, and my desire is they may be ready to be published upon the first day the parliament meets. I hope you will contrive it among you that it

* A very worthy clergyman.

may be sent unknown (as usual) to some printer, with proper directions. I had lately a letter without a name, telling me, that I have got a sop to hold my tongue, and that it is determined we must have that grievance, &c. forced on us.

My intention is to return about the beginning of *October*, if my occasions do not hinder me. Before that time it will be seen how the parliament will act. Them who talk with me think they will be slaves as usual, and led where the government pleases.

My humble service to Mrs. *Worrall*.
The ladies present theirs to you both.

J. S W I F T.

L E T T E R CCCCIV.

Dr. S W I F T to the Reverend Mr.
W O R R A L L.

Quilca, August the 31st, 1725.

I HAVE yours of the 28th. I am still to acknowledge and thank you for the care of my little affairs. I hope I shall not want the silver; for I hope to be in town by the beginning of *October*, unless extreme good weather shall invite me to continue.

Since *Wood's* patent is cancelled, it will by no means be convenient to have the paper

printed, as I suppose you, and *Jack Grattan*, and *Sberridan* will agree; therefore, if it be with the printer *, I would have it taken back, and the press broke, and let her be satisfied.

The work is done, and there is no more need of the Drapier.

Mrs. *Johnson* does not understand what you mean by her stamped linen, and remembers nothing of it; but supposes it is some jest.

The ladies are well; all our services to Mrs. *Worrall*. Mrs. *Dingley* at last discovered the meaning of the stamped linen, which makes that part of my letter needless.

Pray pay *Jo. Beaumont* four pounds for a horse I bought from him, and place it to my account.

J. S.

When *Jo.* brings you a piece of linen of twenty-four yards, pray put my name upon it, and pay him six pounds, eight shillings.

* Mrs. *Harding*.

L E T-

L E T T E R C E C C V .

Dr. S W I F T to the Reverend Mr.
W O R R A L L .

London, April the 16th, 1736.

TH E ladies have told you all my adventures, and I hear you are ruining me with dung. I have writ several times to the ladies, and shall soon do so again. I send you inclosed the bill of lading for a picture that has lain long at sea; you will be so kind to get it out of the custom-house. Mr. * *Medlicot* will make it easy, if there should be any difficulties. My humble service to Mrs. *Worrall*, and the ladies and all my friends. I thank God I am in pretty good health. I have now company with me; I can say no more. I hope you are all well.

I got no voice at *Oxford*; but am endeavouring for one here.

* A commissioner of the revenue in *Ireland*, and member of parliament in *England* for *Westminster*.

L E T T E R CCCCVI.

Dr. SWIFT to the Reverend Mr,
WORRALL.

August 15th, 1736,

THIS is *Saturday*, and on *Monday* I set out for *Ireland*. I desired you would send me a letter to *Chester*. I suppose I shall be in *Dublin* with moderate fortune in ten or eleven days hence; for I will go by *Holyhead*. I shall stay two days at *Chester*, unless I can contrive to have my box sent after me. I hope I shall be with you by the end of *August*; but however, if I am not with you by the second of *September*, which is the time that my licence is out, I desire you will get me a new one; for I would not lie at their mercy, though I know it signifies nothing. I expect to be very miserable when I come; but I shall be prepared for it. I desired you would write to me to *Chester*, which I hope you will do; and pray hinder Dr. *Sheridan* from writing to me any more.

This is all I have to say to you at present.
I am, &c.

J. S W I F T,

L E T -

L E T T E R C C C C V I I .

Dr. S W I F T to the Reverend Mr.
W O R R A L L .

Market-Hill, Jan. 4, 1728.

I HAD your long letter, and thank you heartily for your concern about my health. I continue very deaf and giddy; but however, I would certainly come to town, not only for my visitation, but because in these circumstances, and in winter, I had rather be at home. But it is now *Saturday* night, and that beast *Sheridan* is not yet come, although it has been thawing since *Monday*. If I do not come you know what to do.

My humble service to our friends, as usual,

L E T -

L E T T E R CCCCVIII.

Dr. S W I F T to the Reverend Mr.
W O R R A L L.

Market-Hill, Jan. 13, 1728-9.

I JUST received your letter, and should never have done if I returned you thanks so often as I ought for your care and kindness; both my disorders still continue; however, I desire that Mrs. *Brent* may make things ready, for my raggedness will soon force me away. I have been now ill about a month, but the family are so kind to speak loud enough for me to hear them; and my deafness is not so extreme as you have known, when I have fretted at your mannerly voice, and was only relieved by Mrs. *Worrall*.

I send you enclosed the fruits of my illness to make an * *Intelligencer*; I desire you will inclose it in a letter to Mrs. † *Harding*, and let your letter be in an unknown hand, and desire her to shew it to the author of

* A weekly paper wrote by Doctors *Swift*, *Sheridan*, *Helsham*, &c. which were afterwards re-printed in *London*, in one volume 8vo.

† The widow of *John Harding*, printer.

the *Intelligencer*, and to print it if he thinks fit. There is a letter, you will find, that is to be prefixed before the verses, which letter is grounded on a report, and if that report be false, the former part of the letter will be unseasonable, but the latter will not, and therefore the *Intelligencer* must be desired to alter it accordingly.

It should be sent soon, to come time enough for the next *Intelligencer*.

Pray, in your letter to Mrs. *Harding*, desire her to make her people be more correct, and that the *Intelligencer* himself may look over it, for that every body who reads those papers, are very much offended with the continual nonsense made by her printers. I am your's,

D. S W I F T.

L E T.

L E T T E R CCCCIX.

Dr. S W I F T to the Reverend Mr.
W O R R A L L.

Market-Hill, Jan. 18, 1728-9.

I HAVE your's of the 14th instant, but you had not then received my last, in which was inclosed a paper for the Intelligencer, which I hope you have disposed of as desired. My disorder still continues the same for this fortnight past, and am neither better nor worse. However, I resolve to return on the first mending of the weather; these three last days there being as violent a storm as I have known, which still continues: we have been told my lord * *Mountcashell* is dead at *Drogheda*, but believe it to be a lie. However, he is so tender, and affects so much vigour and fatigue, that we have been in pain about him.

I had a letter two days ago, which cost me six shillings and four-pence; it consisted

* *Edward Davis*, lord viscount *Mountcashell*, who died a bachelor in *July*, 1736, on which the title was extinct. His only sister and heir, married *James Barry*, viscount *Buttevant*, eldest son of the earl of *Barrymore*, who succeeded his father in honours and estate, and had issue one son, now earl of *Barrymore*, *July* 1766.

of the probate of a will in *Leicestershire*, and of two inclosed letters, and was beyond the weight of letters franked. When I went a lad to my mother, after the revolution, she brought me acquainted with a family where there was a daughter with whom I was acquainted. My prudent mother was afraid I should be in love with her; but when I went to *London*, she married an inn-keeper in *Loughborow*, in that county, by whom she had several children. The old mother died, and left all that she had to her daughter aforesaid, separate from her husband. This woman (my mistress with a pox) left several children, who are all dead but one daughter, *Ann* by name. This *Ann*, for it must be she, about seven years ago writ to me from *London*, to tell me she was daughter of *Betty Jones*, for that was my mistress's name, 'till she was married to one *Perkins*, inn-keeper, at the *George* in *Loughborow*, as I said before. The subject of the girl's letter was, that a young lady of good fortune was courted by an *Irishman*, who pretended to be barrack-master-general of *Ireland*, and desired me, as an old acquaintance of her mother *Betty Jones*, alias *Perkins*, to enquire about this *Irishman*. I answered, that I knew him not, but supposed he was a cheat; I heard no more. But now comes a letter to me from this *Betty Jones*,
alias

alias *Perkins*, to let me know, that her daughter *Ann Giles*, married an *Irishman*, one *Giles*, and was now coming over to *Ireland* to pick up some debts due to her husband, which she could not get, that the young widow (for her husband *Giles* is dead) hath a mind to settle in *Ireland*, and to desire I would lend her daughter *Giles* three guineas, which her mother will pay me when I draw upon her in *England*; and Mrs. *Giles* writes me a letter to that purpose. She intends to take a shop, and will borrow the money from Mrs. *Prent* (whose name she hath learned) and pay me as others do. I was at first determined to desire you would, from me, make her a present of five pounds, on account of her mother and grandmother, whom my mother used to call cousin. She hath sent me an attested copy of her mother's will, which, as I told you, cost me six shillings and four-pence. But I am in much doubt; for by her mother's letters, she is her heiress, and the grandmother left *Betty Jones*, alias *Perkins*, the mother of this woman in *Dublin*, all she had, as a separate maintenance from her husband (who proved a rogue) to the value of five hundred pounds. Now, I cannot conceive why she would let her only daughter and heiress come to *Ireland*, without giving her money to bear her charges here, and put her in some way. The
 woman's

woman's name is *Ann Giles*, she lodges at one Mrs. *Wilmot's*, the first house in *Molefworth-court*, on the right hand, in *Fishamble-street*. I have told you this long story, to desire you will send for the woman, this *Ann Giles*, and examine her strictly, to find if she be the real daughter of *Elizabeth Jones*, alias *Perkins*, or no, and how her mother, who is so well able, came to send her in so miserable a condition to *Ireland*. The errand is so romantic, that I know not what to say to it. I would be ready to sacrifice five pounds, on old acquaintance, to help the woman; I suspect her mother's letters to be counterfeit, for I remember she spells like a kitchen-maid. And so I end this worthy business.

My bookseller, Mr. *Motte*, by my recommendation, dealt with Mr. * *Hyde*; there are some accounts between them, and *Hyde* is in his debt. He hath desired me to speak to Mr. *Hyde's* executors to state the account, that Mr. *Motte* may be in a way to recover the balance. I wish you would step to Mr. *Hyde's* house, and enquire how that matter stands, and how Mr. *Motte* is to be paid, I suppose Mr. *Hyde* died in good cir-

* Mr. *John Hyde*, an eminent bookseller of *Dublin*, of fair good character.

cumstances, and that there will be no danger of his creditors suffering by his death.

I inclose a letter to Mr. *Motte*, which you will be so kind to send to the post-office.

I desire likewise that you will make Mrs. *Brent* buy a bottle of usquebaugh, and leave it with the woman who keeps Sir *Arthur Ackeson's* house in *Capel-street*, and desire her to deliver it to captain * *Creighton*, who lodges at the *Pyed Horse* in *Capel-street*, and is to bring down other things to my lady *Acheson*.

My most humble service to Mrs. *Worrall*, Mrs. *Dingley*, and love to Mrs. *Brent*.

I wish you all a happy new year.

LETTER CCCCXXI.

Dr. SWIFT to JOHN TEMPLE, Esq;

SIR, *Dublin*, 1736.

THE letter which I had the favour to receive from you, I read to your cousin, Mrs. *Dingley*, who lodges in my neighbourhood. She was very well pleased to hear of your welfare; but a little mortified that you did not mention or enquire after her. She is quite sunk with years and unwieldiness; as well as a very scanty sup-

* See the Memoirs of Capt. *John Creighton*, Vol. X. port.

port. I sometimes make her a small present, as my abilities can reach; for I do not find her nearest relations consider her in the least.

Jervas told me that your * aunt's picture is in Sir *Peter Lilly's* best manner, and the drapery all in the same hand. I shall think myself very well paid for it, if you will be so good, as to order some mark of your favour to Mrs. *Dingley*. I do not mean a pension, but a small sum to put her for once out of debt: And if I live any time, I shall see that she keep herself clear of the world; for she is a woman of as much piety and discretion as I have known. -

I am sorry to have been so much a stranger to the state of your family. I know nothing of your lady or what children you have, or any other circumstances; neither do I find that Mr. *Hatch*† can inform me in any one point. I very much approve of your keeping up your family-house at *Moor-park*. I have heard it is very much changed for the better, as well as the gardens. The tree on which I carved those words, *factum nepotibus umbram*, is one of those elms that stand in

* Picture of lady *Giffard*, sister of Sir *Wm. Temple*.

† Mr. *Hatch* of *Dublin*, was agent for Mr. *Temple's* affairs in *Ireland*, as well as for the estate of his brother *Henry* lord *Palmerston*, to whom the Dean wrote an angry letter in 1725.

the hollow ground just before the house; but I suppose the letters are widened and grown shapeless by time.

I know nothing more of your brother, than that he hath an *Irish* title, (I should be sorry to see you with such a feather) and that some reason or other drew us into a correspondence, which was very rough. But I have forgot what was the quarrel.

This letter goes by my lord * *Castledurrow*, who is a gentleman of very good sense and wit. I suspect, by taking his son with him, that he designs to see us no more. I desire to present my most humble service to your lady †, with hearty thanks of her remembrance of me. I am, Sir, your most humble faithful servant,
J. SWIFT.

* *Wm. Flower*, created baron of *Castledurrow* in the County of *Kilkenny*, Oct. 27, 1733, the 7th of *George II.* and Viscount *Ashbrook* in the Kingdom of *Ireland* the 30th of *Sept.* 1751, the 25th of *George II.*

† *Mr. Temple's* lady was grand-daughter of *Sir Wm. Temple*, by his only son, who died young. She was coheiress with *Dorothy*, wife of *Nicholas Brown*, of *Sbrublandball* in *Suffolk*, esq;



A P -

IT having been thought, by some good Judges, that the following Letters and Poems, although some of them are upon Trifles, ought to be published, as they shew the high estimation the Author was in, at the time of writing them, in both Kingdoms; the Editor, in compliance with such opinions, hath here inserted them.

A P P E N D I X.

L E T T E R I.

To the Reverend Mr. ARCHDEACON
W A L L S.

Windfor-Castle, Oct. 1, 1713.

I Had just now a letter from you, wherein you mention the design of making me Prolocutor. I will confess to you, there are two reasons, why I should comply with it; one is, that I am heartily weary of courts, and ministries, and politicks, for several reasons impossible to tell you, and I have a mind to be at home, since the Qu—— has been pleased that Ireland should be my home: The other reason is, that I think somebody educated in Dublin College, should

APP. VOL. III.

A

be

be Prolocutor; and I hear there are designs of turning it another way. But, if you find it will not do, I hope you will quit the design in proper season. I condole with you for the loss of your * companions this winter; and I was always of opinion they should be in town, unless they find their health better at Trim.

I am a little disappointed in † Parvisol's return. I hoped it would have amounted to near five hundred pounds in the tythes; I doubt not the cause, and beg you will have no sort of tenderness for him, further than it regards my interest; as to the land rents, they are one hundred and seventy-four pounds a year in the country, besides some small things in town; and I am in no pain about them, because they are sure, nor do I desire him to concern himself about them.

I hoped, and was told, my licence would be under six pound, though all was paid, and I heard if † Lord Chancellor had taken his fees, it would have been eight pounds. Tell Mr. Fetherston, I have spoken to Baron Scroup about his affair, who promiseth to dispatch it with the first opportunity. I am now with some ministers and lords, and other company, and withdrawn to a table,

* Mrs. Johnson, and Mrs. Dingley. † The Dean's agent. ‡ Sir Constantine Phipps.

and

A P P E N D I X.

3

and hardly know what I write, they are so loud. My humble service to your Dorothy, and alderman * Stoyte, his wife, and Cellarius; and duty to the bishop of Dromore.

Your's, J. S.

L E T T E R II.

To the Reverend Mr. ARCHDEACON WALLS.

London October 13, 1713.

I Have two letters of yours to acknowledge—No, I mistake, it is but one, for I answered the former of September twenty-second, some time ago; your other is of the first instant, with an account of your † Mayor-Squabble, which we regard as much here as if you sent us an account of your little son playing at Cherry-stones. I told your Lord Chancellor, that the best thing the Government there could do, would be never to trouble us with your affairs, but do the best you can, for we will neither support nor regard you. I have received the Lords Justices representation, just now sent to the Qu—. I have said more upon it than any body else would; and I hope my † Lord

* An Alderman of Dublin, afterwards Lord Mayor.

† Sir Samuel Cooke. † Duke of Shrewsbury.

Lieutenant will put a good end to the dispute.—I am heartily sorry for poor Hawley; and doubt such a shake at his age will not be well recovered. Of your four candidates to succeed him, I dislike all but the first, which is Bolton. As to the chair of Prolocutor, I said to you in my former all I thought necessary. I dislike the thing for myself; but I would keep a wrong man out, and would be glad of an honest excuse to leave courts and publick thoughts, but it would vex me to be proposed and not succeed.

As for Williams, I am an old courtier, and will think of it; but, if we want a singer, and I can get a better, that better one shall be preferred, although my father were competitor.

I have spoke to Baron Scroup, about Mr. Fetherston's affair, and hope to get him a good account of it.

You very artificially bring in your friend, Mrs. South: I have spoke to her, and heard from her; and spoke to the Duke of Ormond; I will do her what service I can.

My service to gossip Doll, and God bless my god-daughter.

I think you need not enquire about the land rents of the Deanry, they are secure enough;

A P P E N D I X. 5

enough; and I believe I shall not trouble Mr. Parvisol about them.

There is one farm sett for one hundred and twenty pounds a year, another for fifty-four pound. Rents adjoining to the Deanry, about two pounds ten shillings, and duties about eight pounds, or something under; and a small lease of tythes, about four or five pounds, which last I would be glad you would ask Parvisol whether it be included among the tythes he hath sett. You see all the rents together are under two hundred pounds. I forgot five pound a year for the Verger's house. Service to Stoyte's and * Manley, and duty to bishop of Dromore.

L E T T E R III.

To the Reverend Mr. ARCHDEACON
W A L L S.

S I R,

London, Oct. 20, 1713.

I Writ to you immediately upon receiving your former, as I do now upon your last of the tenth instant. As to the business of being † Prolocutor, I will tell you the short

* Isaac Manly, Esq; deputy post-master-general of Ireland.

† The convocation did not meet in Ireland, since the year 1710.

of my story. Altho' I have done more service to Ireland, and particularly to the church, than any man of my level, I have never been able to get a good word; and I incurred the displeasure of the bishops, by being the instrument, *sine quâ non*, of procuring the first fruits; neither had I credit to be a Convocation-man in the meanest diocese of the kingdom, till poor Dean Synge, who happened to think well of me, got me to be chosen for St. Patrick's; so that I think there will be a great change if I am chosen Prolocutor. And yet, at the same time, I am so very nice, that I will not think of moving towards Ireland, till I am actually chosen: You will say, 'What then must the clergy do for a Prolocutor?' Why, I suppose they may appoint a Vice-Prolocutor, until my coming over, which may be in ten days.—But this perhaps is not feasible: If not, you may be sure I shall not so openly declare my ambition to that post, when I am not sure to carry it; and if I fail, the comfort of *mecum certasse feretur*, will not perhaps fall to my share. But, I go on too fast; for I find in your next lines, that the archbishop says there will be an indispensable necessity that I should be there at the election. Why, if the bishops will all fix it, so as to give a man time to come over,

with

with all my heart; but, if it must be struggled for at the election, I will have nothing to do with it. As for the bishops, I have not the least interest with above three in the kingdom: and unless the thought strikes the clergy in general, that I must be their man, nothing can come of it: We always settle a speaker here, as soon as the writs are issued out for a parliament; if you did so for a Prolocutor, a man might have warning in time; but I should make the foolishlest figure in nature, to come over hawking for an employment, I no wise seek or desire, and then fail of it. Pray communicate the sense of what I say to the archbishop, to whom I will write by this post. As to my private affairs, I am sure they are in good hands, but I beg you will not have the least regard or tenderness to Parvisol, further than you shall find he deserves. I am my gossips very humble servant, and the like to Mr. Stoyte, his lady, and Catharine, and Mr. Manly, and his lady and daughter.

I am,

Your obedient,

Humble servant,

J. S W I F T.

I wrote lately to Dr. Syngé; twice in all.

A 4

I think

I think you should force the * St. Mary ladies to town, towards Christmas.

My duty to the bishop of Dromore.

Dr. Synge wrote me word a month ago, that Rosingrave our organist, was at the point of death. Is he dead or alive?

L E T T E R IV.

August 8, 1714.

IF I had but fixed a week sooner for my journey to Ireland, I should have avoided twenty inconveniences that have since happened to me, and been with you the time I am now writing. Upon the Earl of Oxford's removal, he desired I would go with him into Hertfordshire, which I consented to, and wrote you word of it, desiring you would renew my licence of absence at the end of this month, for I think it then expires. Two days after I had earnest invitations from those in power, to go up to town, and assist them in their new ministry, which I resolved to excuse; but before I could write, news came of the Qu—'s death, and all our schemes broke to shatters. I am told I must take the oaths in Ireland, in three

* Mrs. Johnson, and Mrs. Dingley.

months;

A P P E N D I X.

9

months; and I think it is better travelling now than later; and although I am earnestly pressed by our broken leaders, to come up to town, I shall not do it; but hope to set out on the sixteenth instant towards Ireland, and if it please God, be with you in nine or ten days, after this comes to your hands. However, let my licence be renewed before it expires. I think I answered yours in my last. I leave all things entirely to you and Mr. Forbes. My service to gossip Doll, goody Stoyte and Martha, and Mr. Manly and lady. Mr. Manly, is I believe, now secure in his post; and it will be my turn to solicit favours from him. I have taken up Mr. Fetherston's money to pay some debts in London; I desire you will pay him fifty pounds, with the usual exchange, at twenty days sight, or later, if it be inconvenient.

L E T T E R V.

To the Reverend Mr. SHERIDAN.

Eruditissime Domini.

October 12^o. 1723.

Saturni die

MI Sana, Telo me Flaccus; odioso nimus rem. Tuba Dia pusilimum: emit si erit mos minimo. Fecitne Latina
Sal?

10 A P P E N D I X.

Sal? I sub me? a robur os. Nantis, potatis.
Moto ima os illud a illuc? Ima os nega? I
dama nam? Memoravi i nos; Ima eris nisi!
sit parta.

Si paca eruca? voco Tite nemo! Emerit
tono, sit sola ni emit, na edit. Ima ni sum
& dum? Ima nil ne ni erim! Tuba nisi no
os tegi en parare.

Exusatum me habias si
subiecti gravitate
paululum aliquen-
do emoveor.

HUMILIMUS, &c.

When you have puzzled your brains with
reading this, you will find it as bad sense as
you would desire.

Where do you dine to-day?
To-morrow with me.

LETTER VI.

Terse I ow I ane you are wry.

Am I say vain a Rabble is.

GAUDY o tea rue ry dy you sale you
tye in service he: Said link way mere
Afs, eat red Eye, add nose fight O. Quipp
ye knife all or tame Pufs East. Tea Mary
Tuck Sr; Tea may rent Family are ease.
Anne lewd is cart is? Veal some no in dull
jest

jest I? Anne lo Cuz ty by place eat? Meer
 Rum spare O Freak went her Bib is: Lack
 Tea compleat: Ayd is, ride ease, Lock
 were is, do neck fat I gat us ease. A wry
 Debt nay Rage in a eat may right us tye by?
 Do my Tea here I Eggs peck't have I; said
 may day say pist I. Usquebach come aen
 Afs: Force an I buy afs her o busfs East;
 Codd mark a Toryes nice Eye afs I dumb
 mine I may hay bent. Said post hose Dairy
 lick toes add nose vain I. You buy Inn do
 mow Day can at us bone 'um Salt 'em by
 beam us, sign on Mealy o'r'em fall or no.
 Satyr nigh, dye ease nose ty feast us East.
 May come air is; Sigh mull fake ray to Carr-
 men a Pan game us. Ride end 'um, buy
 bend 'um e'er it come so dayly busfs; nigh
 least carry us invite a. Sick Dice it Whore
 ah fee us.

Spare take um Sick way pot you it wag
 and Team
 Fall e'er he tast a

Et a lye by.

Back 'um in Ray mote is Carr-men are
 you Pye-busfs,

Said; For tune a lay Toe save an Egg o show.

Sate

Sate I sope I nor sight ha' shown 'um : add
fine 'em proper and 'um East. Valiant a
Mice I Vestry, eat you in Shoe pair vally Afs.

Ah my Cuz vest are
Day can us.

LETTER VII.

The following Observation upon HEYLYN'S History of the Presbyterians, is thus written by Dr. SWIFT, in the beginning of the Book, on one of the blank Leaves.

THIS book by some errors and neglects in the stile, seems not to have received the author's last correction. It is written with some vehemence, very pardonable in one who had been an observer and a sufferer in England, under that diabolical fanatick sect, which then destroyed church and state. But by comparing, in my memory, what I have read in other histories, he neither aggravates nor falsifies any facts. His partiality appears chiefly in setting the actions of the Calvinists in the strongest light, without equally dwelling on those of the other side; which, however to say the truth, was not his proper business. And yet he might have spent

spent some more words on the inhuman massacre of Paris, and other parts of France; which no provocation (and yet the king had the greatest possible) could excuse or much extenuate. The author, according to the current opinion of the age he lived in, had too high notions of regal power; led by the common mistake of the term *Supreme Magistrate*; and not rightly distinguishing between the *Legislature* and *Administration*. Into which mistake the clergy fell, or continued in the reign of Charles II. as I have shewn and explained in a Treatise, &c.

March 6, 1727-8.

JONATH. SWIFT.

L E T T E R VIII.

TO SAMUEL BINDON, Esq;

MOLLIS abuti
Has an accuti
No lasso finis
Molli divinis
Omī de armis tres
Imi na dīs tres
Cantu disco ver
Meas alo ver

AN

AN EPIGRAM.

Friend * Rundall fell with grievous bump,
 Upon his reverential rump.
 Poor rump, thou hadst been better sped,
 Had thou been join'd to Boulter's head.
 An head so weighty and profound,
 Would needs have kept thee from the ground.

C L U B V E R S E S.

BE mi sol ab ride lis as fit formis as fora
 mare,
 Amat i, a ruas apto prata se ver.
 Do es ure de an ab usu
 Heris abrato fine Patri gesto
 At nite. Cani prognostick
 Arrogavit me.

L E T T E R IX.

To the Reverend Doctor SWIFT, Dean
 of St. PATRICK's

THE Doctor's first rhyme, Sir, would
 make any Jew sick,
 I know it has made a fine lady in blue sick,

* Bishop of Derry.

For

A P P E N D I X. 15

For which she is gone in a coach to Killbrew
sick,

Like a hen I once had from a fox when she
flew sick:

Last Monday a lady at St. Patrick's did spew
sick,

And made all the rest of the folks in the
pew sick;

The surgeon who bled her, his lancet out
drew sick,

And stopt the distemper, as being but new sick,
The Yacht the last storm, had all her whole
crew sick,

Had we two been there, it would have made
me and you sick;

A lady that long'd, is by eating of glew sick,
Did you ever know one in a very good Q sick?
I'm told that my wife is by winding a clue sick,
The doctors have made her by time and by
rue sick.

There's a gamester in town, for a throw that
he threw sick,

And yet the old trade of his dice he'll pur-
sue sick;

I've known an old miser for paying his due sick,
At present I'm grown by a pinch of my shoe
sick,

And what would you have me with verses
to do sick,

Send rhymes, and I'll send you some others
in lieu sick.

Of rhymes I've a plenty,
And therefore send twenty.

Answered the same day when sent,
Nov. 24, 1731.

I desire you will carry both these to the
Doctor, together with his own, and let him
know we are not persons to be insulted on.

I was at Howth to-day, and staid abroad
a visiting till just now.

Tuesday Evening, Nov.

23, 1731.

Can you match with me,
Who send thirty-three?
You must get fourteen more,
To make up thirty-four:
But, if me you can conquer,
I'll own you a strong curr.

This morning I'm growing by smelling of
yew sick,

My brother's come over with gold from Peru
sick;

Last night I came home in a storm that blew
sick,

This moment my dog at a cat, I hooloo sick;
I hear from good hands, that my poor cousin

Hugh's sick,

By quaffing a bottle, and pulling a screw sick:

And

A P P E N D I X. 17

And there's no more I can write (you'll excuse) sick,
You see that I scorn to mention word musick.

I'll do my best,
To send the rest,
Without a jest,
I'll stand the test.

These lines that I send you, I hope you'll
peruse sick,
I'll make you with writing a little more
news sick;
Last night I came home with drink of booze
sick,
My carpenter swears that he'll hack and he'll
hew sick:
An Officer's lady I'm told is tattoo-sick,
I'm afraid that the line thirty-four you will
view sick.

Lord! I could write a dozen more,
You see, I've mounted thirty-four.

L E T T E R X.

To the DEAN, when in ENGLAND, in 1726.

YOU will excuse me, I suppose,
For sending rhyme instead of prose,
APP. VOL. III. B Because

Because hot weather makes me lazy,
To write in metre is more easy.

While you are trudging London town,
I'm stroling Dublin, up and down;
While you converse with lords and dukes,
I have their betters here, my books:
Fix'd in an elbow chair at ease,
I chuse companions as I please.
I'd rather have one single shelf,
Than all my friends, except your self;
For after all that can be said,
Our best acquaintance, are the dead.
While you're in raptures with * Faustina,
I'm charm'd at home, with our Sheelina;
While you are starving there in state,
I'm cramming here with butcher's meat:
You say, when with those Lords you dine,
They treat you with the best of wine;
Burgundy, Cyprus, and Tockay,
Why so can we, as well as they.
No reason, my dear Dean,
But you should travel home again.
What tho' you mayn't in Ireland hope,
To find such folk as Gay and Pope:
If you with rhymers here would share,
But half the wit, that you can spare;
I'd lay twelve eggs, that in twelve days,
You'd make a doz'n of Popes and Gays.

* Signora Faustina, a famous Italian singer.

Our

Our weather's good, our sky is clear,
 We've ev'ry joy, if you were here;
 So lofty, and so bright a skie,
 Was never seen by *Ireland's-Eye*!
 I think it fit to let you know,
 This week I shall to Quilca go;
 To see Mc Fayden's horny brothers,
 First suck, and after bull their mothers.
 To see alas, my wither'd trees!
 To see what all the country sees!
 My stunted quicks, my famish'd beeves,
 My servants such a pack of thieves;
 My shatter'd firs, my blasted oaks,
 My house in common to all folks:
 No cabbage for a single snail,
 My turnips, carrots, parsnips, fail;
 My no green pease, my few green sprouts,
 My mother always in the pouts:
 My horses rid, or gone astray,
 My fish all stol'n, or run away:
 My mutton lean, my pullets old,
 My poultry starv'd, the corn all sold.

A man come now, from Quilca says,
 **They've* stolen the locks from all your keys:

* *They*, is the grand thief of the county of Cavan; for
 whatever is stolen, if you enquire of a servant about it,
 the answer is, *They* have stolen it.

But what must fret and vex me more,
 He says, they stole the keys before.
 They've stol'n the knives from all the forks,
 And half the cows from half the sturks;
 Nay more, the fellow swears and vows,
 They've stol'n the sturks from half the cows.
 With many more accounts of woe,
 Yet tho' the devil be there, I'll go:
 'Twixt you and me, the reason's clear,
 Because, I've more vexation here.

L E T T E R XI.

PALINODIA. Hor. Od. 16. lib. 1.

GREAT Sir, than Phœbus more divine,
 Whose verses far his rays out-shine;
 Look down upon your quondam foe,
 Oh let me never write again,
 If e'er I disoblige your Dean,
 Should you compassion shew.

Take those Iambicks, which I wrote,
 When anger made me piping hot,
 And give them to your cook,
 To findge your fowl, or save your paste,
 The next time when you have a feast;
 They'll save you many a book.

To

To burn them you are not content,
I give you then my free consent;
 To sink them in the harbour,
If not, they'll serve to set off blocks,
To roul on pipes, and twist in locks;
 So give them to your barber.

Or when you next, your physick take,
I must entreat you then to make,
 A proper application,
'Tis what I've done myself before,
With Dan's fine thoughts, and many more;
 Who gave me provocation.

What cannot mighty anger do,
It makes the weak, the strong pursue;
 A goose attack a swan,
It makes a woman tooth and nail,
Her husbands hands and face assail,
 While he's no longer man.

Tho' some we find are more discreet,
Before the world are wond'rous sweet,
 And let their husbands hector,
But when the world's asleep, they wake,
That is the time they chuse to speak;
 Witness the curtain lecture.

Such was the case, with you I find,
All day you could conceal your mind,
But

But when St. Patrick's chymes
 Awak'd your muse (my midnight curse,
 When I engag'd for better for worse)
 You scolded with your rhymes.

Have done, have done, I quit the field,
 To you, as to my wife I yield,
 As she must wear the breeches,
 So shall you wear the laurel crown,
 Win it, and wear it, 'tis your own;
 The poet's only riches.

L E T T E R XII.

Copy of a letter from Dr. SWIFT, D. S. P. D.
 to Mrs. HAMILTON, of Calendon.

MADAM,

SOME days ago, my lord Orrery, had the
 assurance to shew me a letter of yours to
 him, wherein you did me the honour to say
 many things in my favour: I read the let-
 ter with great delight; but at the same time
 I reproached his lordship for his presumption,
 in pretending to take a lady from me, who
 had made so many advances, and confessed
 herself to be no-bodies goddess but mine.
 However, he had the boldness to assure me,
 that he had your consent, to take him for a
 husband.

A P P E N D I X. 23

husband. I therefore command you never to accept him without my leave, under my own hand and seal. And as I do not know any lady in this kingdom of so good sense, or so many accomplishments, I have at last, with a heavy heart, permitted him to make himself the happiest man in the world: For I know no fault in him, except his treacherous dealing with me.

Pray God make you happy in yourselves, and each other; and believe me to be with the truest esteem and respect,

Madam,

Deanry House.
Dublin, June
8, 1738.

Your most obedient,

and obliged servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

I have neither mourning paper nor gilt, at this time, and if I had, I could not tell which I ought to chuse.

LET-

L E T T E R X H I.

A Letter from the Reverend Dr. SWIFT,
D. S. P. D.

To Mr. FAULKNER.

S I R,

I desire you will print the following paper,
in what manner you think most proper.
You see my design in it: I believe, no
man had ever more difficulty, or less en-
couragement to bestow his whole fortune
for a charitable use.

I am,

Thursday July
13, 1738.

your humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

IT is known enough, that the above na-
med Doctor hath by his last Will and
Testament, bequeathed his whole fortune
(excepting some legacies) to build and en-
dow an Hospital, in, or near this city, for
the support of Lunaticks, Ideots, and those
they call Incurables: But, the difficulty he
lies under, is, that his whole fortune consists
in

in mortgages on lands, and other the like securities. For, as to purchasing a real estate in lands, for want of active friends, he finds it impossible; so, that much against his will, if he should call in all his money lent, he knows not where to find a convenient estate in a tolerable part of the kingdom, which can be bought; and in the mean time, his whole fortune must lie dead in the hands of bankers: The great misfortune is, that there seems not so much publick virtue left among us, as to have any regard for a charitable design; because none but the afore-said unfortunate objects of charity, will be the better for it; however, the said Doctor, by calling in the several sums he hath lent, can be able with some difficulty to purchase three hundred pounds per annum in lands, for the endowment of the said hospital, if those lands could be now purchased: Otherwise, he must leave it as he hath done in his will, to the care of his executors, who are very honest, wise, and considerable gentlemen, his friends; and yet, he hath known some of very fair, and deserved credit, prove very negligent trustees. The Doctor is now able to lend two thousand pounds, at five per cent. upon good security; of which the principal after his decease is to be disposed

of by his executors, in buying land for the further endowment of the said hospital.

L E T T E R XIV.

Some thoughts on Free-thinking, by the same Author, written in England, but left unfinished: Copied from the original.

Discoursing one day with a prelate of the kingdom of Ireland, who is a person of excellent wit and learning, he offered a notion applicable to the subject, we were then upon, which I took to be altogether new and right. He said, that the difference betwixt a mad-man and one by his wits, in what related to speech, consisted in this: That the former spoke out whatever came into his mind, and just in the confused manner as his imagination presented the ideas. The latter only expressed such thoughts, as his judgment directed him to chuse, leaving the rest to die away in his memory. And that if the wisest man would at any time utter his thoughts, in the crude indigested manner, as they come into his head, he would be looked upon as raving mad. And indeed, when we consider our thoughts, as they are the seeds of words and actions, we cannot but agree, that they ought to be kept under
the

the strictest regulation. And that in the great multiplicity of ideas, which ones mind is apt to form, there is nothing more difficult than to select those, which are most proper for the conduct of life: So that I cannot imagine what is meant by the mighty zeal in some people, for asserting the freedom of thinking: Because, if such thinkers keep their thoughts within their own breasts, they can be of no consequence, further than to themselves. If they publish them to the world, they ought to be answerable for the effects their thoughts produce upon others. There are thousands in this kingdom, who, in their thoughts prefer a republick or absolute power of a prince before a limited monarchy; yet, if any of these should publish their opinions, and go about, by writing or discourse, to persuade the people to innovations in government, they would be liable to the severest punishments the law can inflict, and therefore they are usually so wise as to keep their sentiments to themselves. But with respect to religion, the matter is quite otherwise: And the publick, at least here in England, seems to be of opinion with Tiberius, that *Deorum injuriæ diēs cura*. They leave it to God Almighty to vindicate the injuries done to himself, who is no doubt sufficiently able, by perpetual miracles, to revenge

venge the affronts of impious men. And it should seem, that this is what princes expect from him, though I cannot readily conceive the grounds they go upon: Nor why, since they are God's vice-gerents, they do not think themselves at least equally obliged to preserve their master's honour, as their own. Since this is what they expect from those they depute, and since they never fail to represent the disobedience of their subjects, as offences against God: It is true, the visible reason of this neglect is obvious enough. The consequences of atheistical opinions published to the world, are not so immediate or so sensible, as doctrines of rebellion and sedition, spread in a proper season: However, I cannot but think the same consequences are as natural and probable for the former, though more remote. And whether these have not been in view among our great planters of infidelity in England, I shall hereafter examine.

F I N I S.

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